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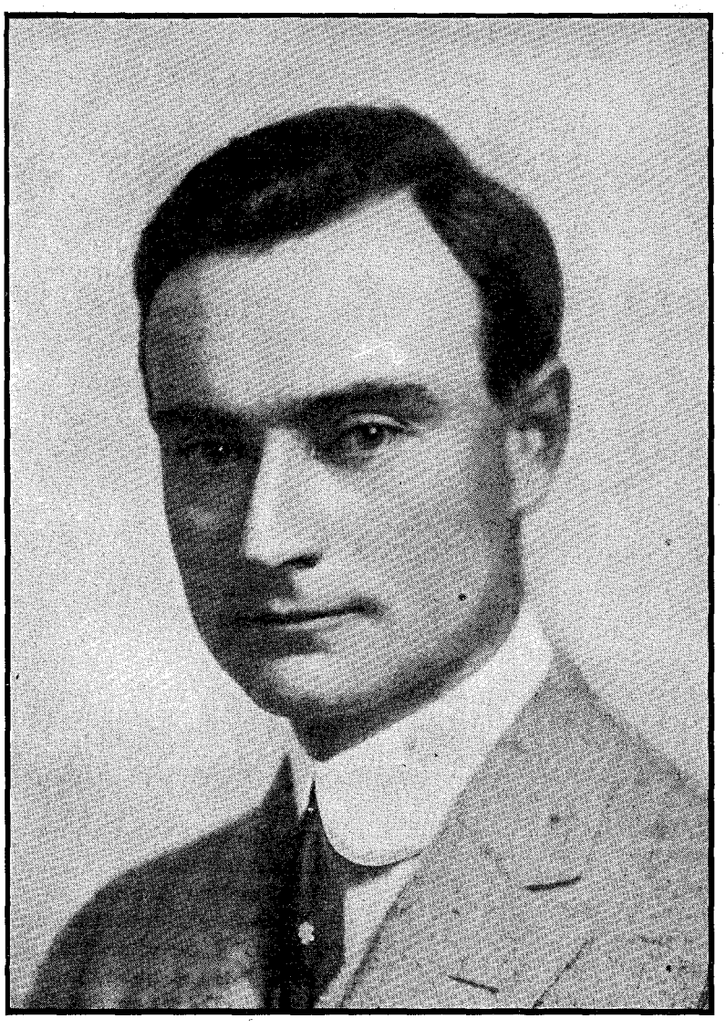
TOPICS OF THE DAY

TAMMANY'S WATERLOO

WHEN the greatest Democratic city of the nation snows under the organization candidate for Mayor by 120,000 plurality, while in near-by States the voters are indorsing the national Administration by electing Democratic State and local tickets, explanations are in order. "The result speaks for itself," was Tammany Leader Charles F. Murphy's laconic reply to the newspaper men who tried to get some interesting comment from "the Chief" of the defeated forces. The result does speak for itself, agree the papers which backed the victorious Fusion movement in New York. Tammany, which has been defeated in previous years, this time "was slaughtered," *The Press* (Prog.) has it. Mr. Murphy, as the *Tribune* (Rep.) observes, "so far overreached himself that he to-day lies sprawling in the most abject defeat that ever befell a Tammany boss." If we reduce this statement to figures, it means that John Purroy Mitchel defeats Edward E. McCall for the mayoralty by a plurality of 121,209. It means that Tammany controls but one vote out of sixteen in the nearly all-powerful Board of Estimate, that it loses control of the Board of Aldermen, and that practically all its nominees for county and judicial offices go down to defeat.



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JOHN PURROY MITCHEL, NEW YORK'S NEXT MAYOR.

Putting these facts into the still more practical form of dollars and cents, it means "four lean years for the Tiger." For, according to *The Evening Mail's* estimate, Tammany has "missed" elective and appointive offices worth about $1,073,600 a year. The result speaks for itself no less clearly in Albany, add the anti-Tammany papers. Tammany representation in the city's delegation to the State Assembly is cut in half. The control of that body passes to the Republicans. Just 17 of the 79 Assemblymen who voted to impeach Governor Sulzer are returned by their constituents, and the deposed Governor is triumphantly elected to the Assembly, "with a vote that adds whiz to the resounding slap that his election plants upon both the cheeks of his accusers." But no election returns are allowed to speak for themselves, at least without generous assistance from the press in the way of explanation and presage.

If we are to credit an observant daily in another city, the Pittsburg *Dispatch* (Rep.), Tammany

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"was doomed to defeat from the day when the exposures of the police alliance with crime became indisputable." According to the Providence *Journal* (Ind.), "it was fairly obvious early in the campaign that Murphy made a mistake in selecting Mr. McCall as nominee for Mayor." Yet New Yorkers will remember the early strength of McCall as a "conservative" candidate, which was reflected in the betting odds. The New York *Evening Post* points to a "slow but steady awakening of the people" through many years of anti-Tammany campaigning, with last week's victory "the culmination of all the fights of the past quarter century against the domination of Fourteenth Street." But whatever of truth there may be in this, popular opinion is more in line with the assertion of Mr. Kline, New York's *ad interim* Mayor, that two things brought about the overthrow of Tammany—"the refusal of a renomination to Mayor Gaynor

THERE'S GOING TO BE ANOTHER WAR.
—Robinson in the New York *Tribune*.

by Tammany Hall, and the unfortunate Sulzer incident." Mayor Gaynor's rejection was followed, as our readers will recall, by his nomination as an independent anti-Tammany candidate. His sudden death at sea, after he had defied Tammany and all its works with his characteristic vigor of utterance, threw his following into the Fusion camp. This united the forces arrayed against Tammany, gave them new ammunition, and strengthened their zeal and determination.

But the most obvious explanation of the record-breaking 121,000 Mitchel plurality is found by the press in the protest awakened by the impeachment of Governor Sulzer, followed, as it was, by what the St. Louis *Globe Democrat* (Rep.) calls "the most detailed exposure of the Democratic organization's corruption known since the days of Tweed." "The history of William Sulzer, and the incidents, real or apocryphal, ascribed to Tammany rule at Albany," says the New York *Evening Sun*, a McCall supporter, roused a "tremendous and irresistible wave of popular wrath, indignation, destructive fury." Within forty-eight hours after the first Sulzer broadside against Murphy appeared in *The Evening Mail* (Prog.), declares that paper editorially, "the whole situation had changed, and from that time the defeat of Tammany was certain."

The startling allegations made on the stump by Mr. Hennessy have yet to be proved before the proper magistrates, but, coming at the time they did, they added fuel to the flames. William Sulzer's "immolation probably led to Tammany's undoing," remarks the Chicago *Inter Ocean* (Rep.). And the ex-Governor and Assemblyman-elect has no doubt that it was his doing—"before I came down from Albany the odds were 1 to 2 against Mitchel." To quote a Sulzer statement appearing in the New York papers:

"From Mr. Murphy's High Court of Infamy I appealed to the higher court of public opinion.

"My vindication for having been true to my oath of office and for refusing to betray the people of the State is complete. I am content to let the matter rest on the verdict at the polls.

"If my removal from the Governorship by an ignorant and a corrupt and an arrogant boss whose dictates to do wrong I defied has been the means of destroying bossism in the State of New York, I can console myself with the reflection that I was able to accomplish more out of office than all the Governors in the last decade could accomplish in office.

"Tammany is tottering under the weight of Murphyism, and I have the satisfaction of knowing that I struck the abhorrent thing, and the threatening menace, the hardest blow it has received since the days of Tweed."

The people have "determined correctly," in the judgment of the Springfield *Republican*, "that, while Sulzer may be morally unfit to be Governor, they will not stand for impeachment trials inspired solely by motives of personal and political vengeance on the part of a political boss embodying all the qualities most dangerous to a democratic form of government." The New York *Globe*, one of the papers which remained friendly to Sulzer, believes that the people of "The Sixth" were right in returning their emphatic affirmative answer to the ethical question thus put by one of the rabbis of the district:

"Suppose a boy had been in bad company and had done things he should not have done; then suppose this boy broke away from the bad company and began to do good things and resisted all inducements to him to return to his evil practises; suppose then his vicious former companions should fall on him and begin to stone him, would I be justified in holding their garments as they destroyed him?"

While Mr. Sulzer thus begins his political life anew, the man whom he holds responsible for the whole impeachment "plot" remains leader of the Democratic organization in State and city. But he "finds himself in an extremely embarrassing position," we read in the New York *Herald* (Ind.), for "he faces four years of famine, and it is in such times that rebellion grows within the ranks of Tammany." At present, according to the reporters who have asked him about it, Mr. Murphy has not the least idea of resigning from the leadership of Tammany Hall. But, says *The Evening Post*, "the immense *débâcle* in which he has gone down puts his next step beyond his own volition." "If political fights are made for offices, what's the use of fighting with a leader and an organization that in city campaigns make elaborate and entirely successful preparations to give every least morsel of patronage to the opposition?" This is a question that is going to be asked by those who take the lower view of political duty and interest, according to *The Times*. A former Tammany politician who supported Mitchel is quoted as declaring that Murphy's "stupid leadership, his forcing the impeachment of Sulzer, have split his party in this State and have destroyed his ticket in this city."

The Brooklyn *Citizen*, an organization paper which supported the McCall ticket, voices the same discontent. The results of the election, it says, "are not misinterpreted when they are held to show that a change in the leadership of Tammany is indispensable to the recovery of the confidence of the Democratic masses."

But a mere change of leadership will simply mean "a new leader with the same old tiger," replies the New York *Globe*, and it continues:

"Attack must be made not on men, but on the institution. The Democratic party of New York must be organized on a new basis—on the basis that is recognized elsewhere throughout the country. No reason now exists or has ever existed why in the metropolis of this country the local branch of the Democratic party should be under the control of a plutocratic oligarchy.

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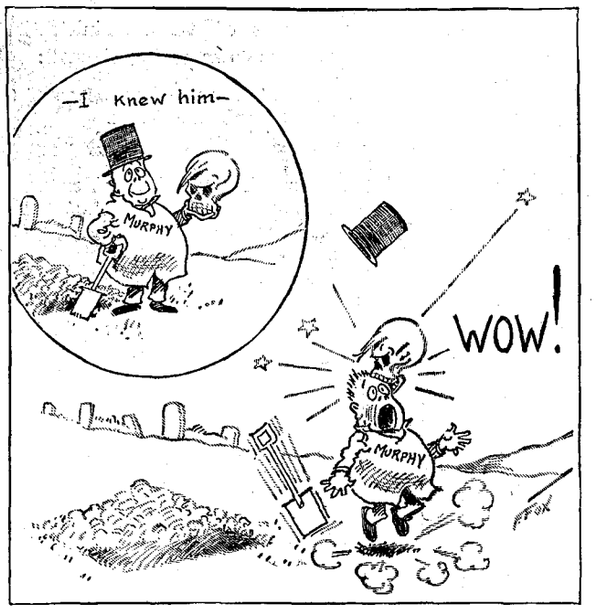

"ALAS, POOR SULZER—"
—Fox in the Chicago *Post.*

HAUNTED.
—Harding in the Brooklyn *Eagle.*

MURPHY'S BANSHEE.

"Do the Democrats of New York City mean business this time or will they piffle along in the old way by accepting Murphy's abdication as sufficient indication of a change of heart?"

The Democratic, but anti-Tammany, New York *World* takes the same view of the situation. Tammany has indeed been beaten, it adds, but "when a quarter of a million voters cast their ballots for Tammany's candidates, these ballots are a shocking manifestation of popular indifference to honesty and decency in government." And it shows, according to *The World:*

"That the battle for honest government is only half won in New York, and that all talk hereafter of compromising with Tammany means compromise with organized, systematized infamy, which will menace the city as long as it is permitted to live. . . . . .

"Tammany can not be reformed. It must be destroyed!"

Nor are the Sulzer-Hennessy revelations forgotten. It is Governor Glynn's duty to do his share of the great Democratic house-cleaning by investigating all these "charges of corrupt dealing in matters of State expenditure," says *The Times.* "Let there be still more light" is *The American's* cry, as it is that of *The Evening Mail,* in whose columns we read:

"The facts so far disclosed clearly indicate an appalling condition of corruption, extravagance, and inefficiency in practically every State department, revealing the Republican State machine as the secret ally of the Tammany machine, and part beneficiary in its plunder. . . . . .

"The real conditions must be made known—must be revealed without fear or favor. The whole power of the State must be centered on a relentless uncovering of wrong-doing and an exposure of the 'invisible government' that thwarts the efforts of those it can not rule, and cries vengeance on them."

But whatever the effect of this election upon the Democratic party in city, State, and nation, whatever political changes it may portend, the press of the city substantially agree that the city of New York may now look forward to four years of good government. The newly elected Mayor declares that he has "but one ambition, and that is to make New York City the best-governed municipality in America." "His opponents join in the wish that he may have a successful administration, and hope that it will be of substantial benefit to our city." These words from the lips of Mr. C. F. Murphy brought from the successful candidate the acknowledgment that the Tammany leader was a "good loser." So, apparently, are the papers which opposed Mr. Mitchel. They say little about the defeat of the McCall ticket and have the kindest words for the new Mayor and his principal associates. There were two great objects in the campaign just closed, the Brooklyn *Eagle* says:

"One was to keep Tammany out of the City Hall and from the commissionerships which the Mayor will appoint, and the other was to keep it from the city funds in the control of the Board of Estimate. Both of those objects have been accomplished, a result for which the taxpayers will have repeated occasions for gratitude before the next four years have passed."

Mayor Mitchel, Controller Prendergast, and President McAneny, of the Board of Aldermen, will have 9 of the 16 votes in the Board of Estimate. These experienced officials, thinks the New York *Globe,* "constitute a governing board about as excellent as any one has a right to expect in a faulty world." They are likely, adds *The Journal of Commerce,* "to have the new borough presidents with them in their efforts, and are sure of the co-operation of the law officers of the city and of the counties of New York and Kings." It means, says District Attorney Whitman, who was reelected without opposition, "that New York during the next four years will be the best-governed city in the world." These faithful public servants have not only been indorsed, observes *The Evening Post;* "they have been commissioned to proceed for four years with their great constructive plans for the welfare of the city. . . . Never has New York had such a prospect of fundamental administrative reform in the hands of such worthy men." It is, concludes *The Evening Post,* "indeed an hour for unrestrained rejoicing," and "not only in this city, but everywhere," will the "hip-and-thigh slaughter of Tammany be hailed as the full dawning of a new day for municipal government in the United States."

A significant feature of the election, note several dailies, is the increase in the Socialist vote. Charles E. Russell received 32,109 votes in the greater city, which is an increase of 300 per cent. over the vote polled by the Socialist mayoralty candidate in 1909, and which exceeds the New York City vote for Russell for Governor last year, and comes within a thousand of the vote cast for Eugene V. Debs for President. So that *The Evening Post* is inclined to believe that "there are signs of that steady advance which the Socialists profess to accept as indicative of ultimate success." That consummation, however, the "capitalist" daily is constrained to add, "would seem to be distant, with a Socialist poll of about 5 per cent. of the total vote cast in New York City."

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DEMOCRACY HOLDING ITS OWN

ANY FEARS that may have been entertained in Washington of a popular reaction against the Administration because of the new tariff or the Wilson policies were shown to be unfounded or premature by last week's election returns, if we are to believe the press correspondents stationed in the capital. In the President's own State, James F. Fielder had the open support of the Administration and won. In Massachusetts, David I. Walsh, the Democratic candidate, easily defeated his three formidable opponents. Most important of all, "from the practical standpoint," so we read in the New York *Herald*, "is the election of Blair Lee as Senator from Maryland, which gives the Democrats a majority of eight in the Senate instead of six." This, "with the election of three out of four Democratic candidates for Congress," is said to be regarded by the President and the Democratic leaders as "an indication that the Underwood Tariff Bill satisfies the people." On the other hand, we find the New York *Sun* reminding the President that while the Democratic vote increased slightly in both Massachusetts and New Jersey, the party in these States is still in a minority, and is in power only because "face to face with Republican disunity." And papers like Mr. Munsey's New York *Press* take the occasion to renew their plea for "amalgamation."

JAMES F. FIELDER.

His election as Governor continues New Jersey as the "key-note Wilson State."

The expectation that this election would give some idea of the staying powers of the Progressives is balked by the fact that the results in New Jersey and in Massachusetts seem to point in opposite directions. In New Jersey, Everett Colby, the Progressive nominee, ran a bad third, receiving about 40,000 votes as compared with the Roosevelt Presidential vote of 145,000 last year. In this the Republicans see a sign that the Progressives are drifting back to their old allegiance. But in Massachusetts, Charles Sumner Bird ran second, leading his Republican opponent, Congressman Gardner, by about 10,000 votes, relegating the Republican party to third place in the State for the first time since the Civil War. This is, of course, encouraging to Progressives, who declare that now "it's up to the Republican party to come over to us."

The people at last week's elections clearly voted to sustain the President, in the opinion of the New York *World* (Dem.), *Evening Post* (Ind.), and *Journal of Commerce*, Jersey City *Journal*, and Newark *News* (Ind.). Even in New York, thinks *The World*, the triumph of Mitchel "is due to the fact that in his character and purposes he represented the Wilson idea in municipal government as opposed to the system of Tammany." No other President, declares this Democratic daily, "ever had a more impressive indorsement in an off year." Nor, in the opinion of the New York *Herald's* Washington correspondent, is the triumph to end in gratification and congratulations. After this apparent indorsement of the Administration's policies, these developments are put down as "imminent":

"Renewed pressure on the Senate for speedy passage of the Currency Bill in the form desired by the President.

"Formulation of an aggressive program of antitrust legislation.

"Encouragement of the reorganization of the Democratic party in New York State so that the Wilson Administration may be aided by a friendly State leader to retain a Democratic delegation from New York in the next House of Representatives, elect a Democrat to succeed United States Senator Elihu Root in 1915, a Democratic Governor in 1914, and New York's electoral vote to the Democratic national ticket in 1916."

The decisive victory of Mr. Fielder in New Jersey is "easily explained" by the Republican New York *Tribune*, "on three grounds":

"One is, that Jerseymen were proud to have a man from their State in the Presidency, and were therefore inclined to support his administration at the polls and to elect his chosen candidate.

"Another is that many Progressives . . . were more intent upon defeating the Republican candidate than upon electing their own, and therefore voted for Mr. Fielder as the surest way to defeat Mr. Stokes. . . . . .

"The third is that in New Jersey the Democratic party, under Mr. Wilson and his successor, has been a party of progress and enlightenment."

For the "humiliating failure of the Republicans" in Massachusetts, the Springfield *Republican* (Ind.) finds Mr. Gardner, the candidate for Governor, "largely to blame." Yet it acknowledges that the Progressive campaign was "clean, honorable, and shrewd," and "Mr. Bird at least has the satisfaction of knowing that he has given the Progressive party in the country, probably, a fresh lease of life."

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DAVID I. WALSH,

Whose election marks the fourth successive year of Democratic success in Massachusetts.

The lesson for the Republicans is plain, says the Lowell *Courier-Citizen* (Ind).—"the Republican party must 'progressivize' itself to the satisfaction of the Progressives, under what name the two shall hereafter act in concert making no difference whatever." And Governor Johnson, of California, Colonel Roosevelt's running mate last year, who helped the Bird campaign, declares that to the question, "Which party shall survive, the Republican or Progressive?—Massachusetts has answered in no uncertain tone." Yet Republican leaders point to Colby's small vote in New Jersey, and to Maryland, where "George L. Wellington, Progressive, in the election of a United States Senator by direct vote of the people, received less than ten per cent. of the vote given Roosevelt." In local elections elsewhere the Progressives merely assisted the Democrats into office, the Republicans assert. In Massachusetts and New York the Progressives made gains in the State legislatures. Yet the New York *World* observes that "in the elections in Massachusetts,

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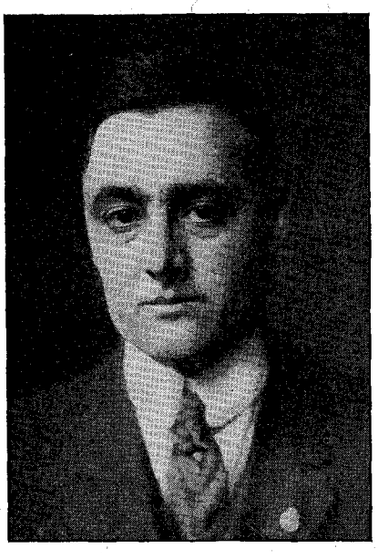
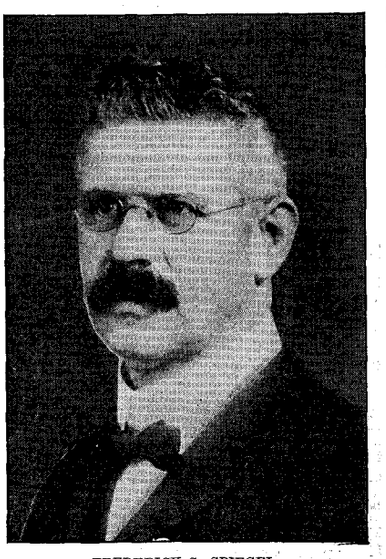
NEWTON D. BAKER,
Cleveland's reform mayor, elected for a second term.



HENRY T. HUNT,
A reformer who lost his fight for reelection in Cincinnati.



FREDERICK S. SPIEGEL,
Who defeated Mayor Hunt and recaptured Cincinnati for the Republicans.

OHIO MAYORS IN TRANSITION.

Maryland, and in this city to fill vacancies in the House of Representatives, the Progressive candidates ran uniformly third." And it concludes that,

"Viewed broadly, the election results the country over go to show that the Progressive party is disintegrating and that the Progressive voters are rapidly drifting back to the Republican party."

CLEVELAND AND CINCINNATI

THE NATIONAL PROMINENCE of the reform mayors of Cleveland and Cincinnati gives special importance to the elections there. In Cleveland, Mayor Newton D. Baker was considered the successor of Tom L. Johnson. In Cincinnati, Mayor Henry T. Hunt had carried on a fight against the old Cox machine that has been made famous in many newspaper and magazine articles. Cleveland reelected Mayor Baker; Cincinnati defeated Mayor Hunt. Taking up the Cleveland election first, we read in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer* that almost every one of the men supporting Mr. Baker's Republican opponent was identified in past fights with "interests seeking to block the wheels of progress." It is interesting, too, to recall Mark Hanna's great battle with Tom L. Johnson and to note that Dan R. Hanna's paper, the Cleveland *Leader*, opposed Johnson's political successor. *The Plain Dealer* accounts for Mayor Baker's success by saying that "he has borne the brunt and endured the heat of the battle, always as the people's champion." It reviews the campaign thus:

"Tho Mayor Baker received a clear plurality of first-choice votes, he did not get a majority, as the charter requires, and it is necessary to count second-choice ballots to determine the result. By this method the Mayor receives an ample majority. His appeal for a popular indorsement on the strength of his record is thus answered favorably.

"The fight waged against the administration during the closing weeks of the campaign assumed a character which the friends of the Mayor had not anticipated. The Mayor's record of constructive accomplishment was assailed by opponents who urged a variety of complaints, many of them of minor consequence when taken singly, but the cumulative effects of which are reflected in the returns. They combined into a fighting opposition a heterogeneous aggregation of elements which had nothing in common except the desire to defeat the administration."

The Cleveland *Press*, one of the many Scripps-McRae papers in Ohio which have been backing the forward movement in State affairs led by Mr. Bigelow, and a champion of the ultra-democratic charter that was adopted by the city some time ago, has this to say about Mayor Baker:

"It is the progress of the people of Cleveland toward better things for the weak and the poor, toward a deeper insight into the needs of common men and women, and toward a complete control of government by the people, that made the new charter possible, and that helped make Cleveland a city on a hill.

"In the whole movement from its beginning Newton Baker has been the leader, next only to Tom L. Johnson."

Turning to the Cincinnati election, it is said that Mayor Hunt's defeat was due largely to a lack of support from a considerable camp of radicals under the leadership of Herbert S. Bigelow, a well-known liberal clergyman, who have been backing ultrademocratic measures not only in their own city, but throughout the State. Mayor Hunt seems to have alienated the political affections of the Bigelow element by agreeing to a compromise between the city government and the street-railway interests in a franchise controversy. He was opposed, too, by the remnants of the old George B. Cox Republican machine. He had risen to power over the wreckage of that organization, and the enemies he made two years ago had not forgotten him. But his defeat, we are told, does not necessarily mean that Cincinnati has gone back to evil ways. *The Enquirer*, which, with Governor James M. Cox's State Democratic organization, backed Hunt, says that "Cincinnati is no longer the boss-ridden, gang-laden, combine-plundered city that it was for so many years in the recent past." Concerning the result, Mr. Hunt himself says:

"I ascribe my defeat to three causes. In the first place, the public did not understand my attitude on the traction question.

"I lost the support of the Bigelow people and Democrats who are opposed to Civil Service."

The Commercial Tribune, a Cincinnati Republican paper, explains the result of the election and pays a high tribute to Judge Frederick S. Spiegel, the successful candidate:

"Cincinnati is, under normal conditions, a Republican city, therefore there should be no expression of astonishment that the Republican organization carried the day. . . . . .

"Judge Spiegel goes into office with advantage accruing from many years in public duties.

"He has had ample opportunity to know men and matters. He is a clean man."

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HARVESTING THE "HARVESTER TRUST"

THE HARVEST of "busted" trusts which has been in progress for some years now threatens to include the "Harvester Trust" itself, an event that is ranked by the Indianapolis *News* and other papers with the Oil, Tobacco, and Steel Trust cases. The Harvester concern was given the chance by Attorney-General Wickersham to dissolve voluntarily, but it failed to share his views about its iniquity, and in a spirit of conscious rectitude defied the Government to prove its guilt, which the Government will now try to do. The result of the suit is awaited with varied feelings. Remembering that "gasoline went up from 11 to 19 cents a gallon as the immediate and glorious result of the oil dissolution," the New York *Sun* (Ind.) suggests that "the farmers must await with suspicion, not to say alarm," the issue of this latest dissolution suit under the Sherman Antitrust Law. "Will the price of reapers and other tools of the farmer's trade be screwed up as the price of oil was?" it asks. But it seems that the dissolution sought in this case is of a different pattern from that applied to the Standard Oil Trust and the Tobacco Trust. Thus, from the Government's brief prepared by the Attorney-General himself, we learn that the aim of this suit is to bring about a dissolution in fact as well as in theory. On this point the Attorney-General says:

"In order that the plan may establish a condition in honest harmony with the law, it is imperative that it shall disintegrate the business of the principal defendant in such a manner that no two of the disintegrated parts shall be acquired by or come under the control of companies having common stockholders or companies otherwise under common control or influence."

Of the Government's reasons for regarding the International Harvester Company as a combination in restraint of trade, the Attorney-General goes on to say in his brief:

"Under the undisputed facts, the formation of the International Harvester Company was not a normal and natural development of the commerce in harvesting-machines. It was the child of one not theretofore interested in the business, George W. Perkins, a banker and insurance man, who stept in at an opportune time to bring the rival manufacturers together.

"He and others, by means of a combination in corporate form, destroyed competition and entrenched monopoly.

"The organization of the International Harvester Company in 1902 has been followed since that time by a course of conduct on the part of the defendants clearly demonstrating an intent not only to perpetuate their monopoly of the harvesting business, but also to build up by means of and upon their harvesting monopoly a monopoly of all the business in agricultural implements in the United States."

And in his final summing up of the case for dissolution, Mr. McReynolds presents the following interesting figures:

"Take the finances of this concern in 1903 and take them now, and what have we? In 1903 the total business done by the International Harvester Company was $53,000,000; in 1912 it had increased to $125,000,000; in the same length of time its capitalization had increased from $120,000,000 to $163,000,000, and between 1903 and 1911, the latest figures available, the assets of this concern had increased from $130,000,000 to $223,000,000.

"Those figures, in terse form, tell the story of the rapid growth of the power of this concern. This expansion has been so enormous that the word of this corporation has become absolute law to thousands and thousands.

"When the McCormick, the Deering, the Plano, the Champion, the Milwaukee, and the Osborne companies entered this organization, this monopoly automatically was born. The existing competition was wiped out.

"The International Harvester Company in its first year held the following percentages of the nation's business in the varied lines: 98 per cent. of the binders, 95 per cent. of the corn-binders, 92 per cent. of the mowers, 85 per cent. of the rakes, and 40 per cent. of the twine.

"And there is nothing in the evidence to show that this situation has changed in ten years. Of course, there has been some competition. We got that story in the Tobacco case and in numerous other trust cases. But the fact stands out that we have more than 90 per cent. of the great harvesting companies of the country put under one company.

"No man who looks upon that picture can fail to see that this concern had the absolute power to fix prices. Of course, there existed no desire to get 100 per cent. of the business. A certain amount of competition keeps down public sentiment and helps in other ways.

"Intent is wholly immaterial. Philanthropic purpose can not be pleaded as justification for the result. When these defendants purposely entered into this organization, into this conspiracy, they laid themselves liable to be charged with guilt for the result."

The defense, on the other hand, denies the charges of monopoly, and argues that the size of a business concern is no proof of lawlessness. It asserts that none of the ordinary results of unlawful combination in restraint of trade has followed the company's organization—"no unreasonable prices; no reduction of wages; no overcapitalization; no excessive profits; no oppressive trade methods; no plant closed; no limitation of production of raw materials; and no deterioration of quality." Judge William D. McHugh, of counsel for the Harvester Company, even pictures this alleged trust as "one of the greatest educational and beneficial forces in this country," according to dispatches from St. Paul, where the case is being tried. The company, says Judge McHugh, would welcome the Biblical text—"By their fruits shall ye know them."

The issue raised by this suit, in the opinion of the New York *Times* (Ind. Dem.), is whether there can be any good trust, or whether every combination in restraint of trade is bad. On this point it says:

"Admitting, for argument, the allegation of power to do wrong, is it possible to admit in justification good done through the possession of the power? The Harvester Trust claims that its resources enable it to build better machines than before it was formed, and to sell them throughout the world at a smaller advance of cost than its competitors. It has advanced wages 27 per cent., has paid 25 per cent. more for materials, and has raised prices 2 per cent. It has sold abroad $159,000,000 worth of goods, and has expended it in labor and materials in the United States, except its margin of profit, which is large in total but moderate in percentage. Now, is it unlawful to restrain trade in this way? Are the energy and efficiency which accumulate an alleged 80 or 90 per cent. of trade punishable for that fact, without regard to the manner in which it is done, and altho there is proof of conduct conforming to the best trade standards? It would seem that the application of the light of reason would prevent an affirmative reply. If the light of reason has ceased to burn, or if it can not be applied to such facts, then there is an end of big private business, and all operations on an American scale must be done by the Government or not at all."

While the prosecution of the Harvester Trust was actually begun by President Taft, remarks the Indianapolis *News*, "that it has been taken up by President Wilson thus early in his administration indicates that there is to be no cessation in the enforcement of the Sherman Antitrust Law." At the same time we are reminded by the New York *World* that the Wilson antitrust campaign is not going to rest content with the enforcement of existing laws. We read:

"While it is the purpose of the Wilson Administration to follow for the present the course of action indicated to the Department of Justice by the United States Supreme Court in the Tobacco Trust case, it is planning more effective measures. In the last fifteen years, according to Commissioner Davies, of the Bureau of Corporations, two hundred corporations have come into possession of property worth more than $22,000,000,000. This is a condition that can not be met by occasional actions at law against a few offenders that conspire in restraint of trade. It calls for a more thoroughgoing remedy, which Commissioner Davies says that President Wilson is preparing to submit to Congress."

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HIGHER RAILROAD RATES

MANY INDICATIONS seem to convince editorial observers that the iron horse will soon be permitted a more liberal supply of fodder than it has enjoyed since the Interstate Commerce Commission laid a restricting hand on the source of supplies in 1910. Not the least significant of these indications are certain remarks made by Chairman Edgar E. Clark, of the Interstate Commerce Commission, before the National Association of Railway Commissioners during its recent convention in Washington—remarks which, in the opinion of the New York *Evening Sun*, "foreshadow that the Commission is likely to give an exceedingly open mind to freight advances in the near future." Higher rates will give the roads millions of dollars to spend on improvements, and the editors seem to think that the prosperity following this expenditure will outweigh the advance in prices due to increased freight rates. Warning against the continuance of a hostile attitude toward the railroads because of their past errors, Mr. Clark said in part:

"Even if it be true that the present financial condition of transportation agencies is due to reckless, improvident, or even dishonest financing in the past, it would be a mistake to correct it by a policy of reprisal, which will impair the usefulness or efficiency of the carriers, upon which the welfare, the very life, of the commerce of the country depends. That commerce grows continually, and we have seen each year periods during which the available facilities were sadly lacking in capacity and efficiency to properly furnish the transportation demanded.

"This is in part due to the failure of carriers to provide themselves with facilities, in part to inefficient handling and movement of equipment, in part to failure of shippers and receivers to provide room and facilities of their own sufficient for their needs, and in part to customs that have grown up in some lines of business that necessarily cause serious delay to cars and congestion of terminals.

"Of course the ideal situation would be one in which the carriers were ready to provide all the equipment needed and promptly transport all the traffic ordered at the time of the maximum demand, but that situation can be attained only by large additions to the facilities and great improvement in methods. The added facilities can be secured only through expenditures from surplus earnings or from expansion of credit. In either way the total cost to purchasers of transportation would be increased."

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ONCE A RAILROAD CONDUCTOR,

Now Chairman of the Interstate Commerce Commission at $10,000 a year, Mr. Edgar E. Clark gives a crumb of comfort to the railroads by remarking that "an ideal transportation situation" can not be achieved without increasing "the total cost to purchasers of transportation."

Behind these words, thinks the Washington correspondent of the New York *Herald*, lies a recognition of the fact that "the railroads of the country are in a serious predicament, ground as they are between the upper and nether millstones of Federal and State regulation and subject to constant demands for wage increases." And behind Mr. Clark's attitude again, remarks *The Herald* editorially, is an awakening of communities generally to the fact that "their own prosperity is largely dependent upon the prosperity of the railway systems by which they are served." In the present situation, the railroads insist, higher freight rates are the first essential if the lines are to prosper. The reasons for this point of view are strikingly set forth by President Daniel Willard, of the Baltimore and Ohio Railroad, in a speech before the Merchants' Association in New York. Making his plea direct to this gathering of leading Eastern shippers, Mr. Willard reviewed the numerous steps taken by the Eastern roads to effect economies and increase efficiency since the Commission denied them an advance in freight rates in 1910, and showed how no further alleviation was possible by these methods alone. He went on to say:

"At the present time railroad development and extension, particularly in the Eastern territory, is practically at a standstill, and personally I am quite unable to see how it can be otherwise until something happens to increase the net earnings of these carriers.

"I do not believe we can expect to accomplish the relief necessary by reducing wages, or by reducing materially the number of men employed, or by economies generally. Something, of course, may be accomplished in that direction. I do not believe that the relief required will be gained through increased business, because many of the roads are already handling as much, if not more, business than can be done economically with the present facilities, and before any greatly increased volume can be handled large expenditures must be made for additional facilities.

"The railroads could probably mark time for a while, if permitted to do so, and by enforced economies they would undoubtedly be able to maintain their present payments upon capital invested. In the meantime, however, the industrial capacity would very soon overtake, if it did not overwhelm, the capacity of the railroads, and then further commercial development of necessity would cease."

In full accord with this view is the Philadelphia *Inquirer*, in which we read:

"Experience within the past few years has abundantly demonstrated that in the great majority of cases the operating revenues of the railroads of the United States are so far unequal to their needs as to preclude any such betterment of the service as the public requires, desires, and is entitled to receive. . . . . .

"Every fair-minded man who is competent to form an intelligent and unbiased opinion must see that this is an anomalous, an unsatisfactory, even a dangerous condition of affairs which, from the viewpoint of the national welfare no less than from that of the railroads themselves, demands an early remedy. Surely it may with much confidence be expected that the extremely moderate advance which the railroads have asked permission to make will in due course be sanctioned."

So, too, thinks the Washington *Post*, which sums up the situation in the following assertion:

"If the railroads are to provide all-steel cars to reduce the loss of life in wrecks, if they are to abolish grade crossings, supply the money necessary for the physical valuation of the roads ordered by Congress, and are to provide comfort and convenience for the passengers, they must have more revenue."

Touching on still further details of the railroads' predicament, the St. Louis *Republic* says:

"The situation is simple. The roads have faced, in the past few years, the general rise in price of railway supplies, the steady increase in wages which has resulted from 'collective bargaining' of the roads with federations of railway employees, the increase in expense through legislation concerning the size of crews and the use of special safety equipment, the increase in expense owing to the rise of interest rates throughout the financial world. Within the past two years vast losses by storm and flood have been added to the other negative items. With all this, revenues, both passenger and freight, have had a general downward tendency.

"As we write the danger of grave impairment of railway service is acute."

If the railroads were free to secure the money they need for extension and improvements, remarks the Atlanta *Constitution*,

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"the prosperity that now lacks a finishing touch because the railroads have, perforce, stayed out of the purchasing market, would mount into unprecedented proportions," and "the country in general would begin to enjoy one of the most opulent eras in its history." The Atlanta paper goes on to say:

"The public would not object to a modest increase in rates, if the increase were made uniform and if there were no indications of discrimination. The American people are not slow to recognize a crisis when they meet one, and they are beginning to understand the folly of attempting to wreak punishment upon the railroad of to-day for the offenses of the railroad of yesterday.

"Any hesitancy on the part of public sentiment is to be found in fear that these ancient sins may be repeated. The public wants to know that the huge treasure imperatively needed by the railroads will go to the laying of tracks, the purchasing of supplies, and the replacement of equipment, and not to thimblerigging purposes, crushing competitors, and huge 'melon' dish-outs. The people do not grudge the railroads honest dividends. But they do not expect again to tolerate the distribution of what used to be the equivalent of piratical prize-money."

While "disposed to think that the railroads are not in so desperate a condition as some of their spokesmen would have us believe," the Philadelphia *Record* admits that "if they do not absolutely need an increase now, they certainly will in a short time if the ratio of operating expenses to revenue increases as it has been doing."

In the meantime fifty-two Eastern railroads have petitioned the Commission to be permitted a horizontal increase of 5 per cent. in freight rates, and the Commission is preparing for an exhaustive investigation before taking final action on this petition. In a Washington dispatch to the New York *Sun* we read:

"The so-called 5 per cent. horizontal increases in freight rates were to have become effective November 15, but the decision of the Commission means that all of these schedules will be held in abeyance until the Commission can take testimony and hold hearings. This decision foreshadows one of the most comprehensive investigations ever undertaken by the Commission in connection with freight rates.

"While the railroads did not expect the Commission to accept all of their schedules without a thorough inquiry they did hope that the need for increased revenues would be so apparent that certain of the advances would be allowed without suspension and the necessity of prolonged hearings, which may drag on till spring.

"The Commission's experts who have been comparing the proposed advances with the old rates are said to have discovered that while the plan of the railroads was for a 5 per cent. advance, many of the increases amount to as much as 16 per cent., while some are as high as 40 per cent. It is understood that it is this comparison which has led to the suspension."

TOPICS IN BRIEF

EVEN the Republican National Committee might learn something from Huerta.—*Kansas City Star.*

COLLECTING the income tax is a job for some perspicacious gentleman who understands all about the fourth dimension.—*Chicago News.*

IN the matter of recognition in Mexico it may yet be possible to have the minister from Great Britain persuaded to look again and try another monocle.—*Washington Star.*

THERE'S many a slip 'twixt the Glass and the Vanderlip.—*Louisville Times.*

PERHAPS the intelligent voter in Mexico is the one who does not vote.—*Chicago News.*

MANY European nations would be glad to help Mr. Bryan run Mexico on a percentage basis.—*Chicago News.*

ROOSEVELT Leaving Brazil.—*Headline.* Happy Brazil should recall that he "took" Panama.—*New York Evening Sun.*

THE London police have formed a union, but the militants are apt to make them work overtime.—*Charleston News and Courier.*

LESS than one-third of the consumer's dollar reaches the farmer; why boys leave the farm is to see if they can't get another third of the dollar.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

WHEN good old Christopher Columbus discovered a new continent, of course he had no means of knowing that Mexico was on it.—*Columbus Ohio State Journal.*

JIM HILL says that the "country is waterlogged with bonds," and he might have added that the reason for this is that the bonds are water-soaked.—*Boston Transcript.*

THE cotton-mills are losing money because of the styles of women's gowns. Are there any style changes we can make in chops and steaks to cause grief to a few butchers?—*New York Telegraph.*

HUERTA kept his promise and didn't run for election. He walked in.—*Philadelphia North American.*

MR. WILSON'S opinion of Latin America seems to be that it has a splendid future which it refuses to bring into the present.—*New York Telegraph.*

IF Senator Overman's proposed increase in the powers of Congress included an increase in brain power, the country's indorsement would be unanimous.—*Wall Street Journal.*

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WHY NOT LET THEM FIGHT IT OUT AND END THE TROUBLE IN MEXICO? —McCutcheon in the Chicago *Tribune.*

HUERTA will take the third cup of coffee, because he has the coffee-pot.—*St. Louis Globe Democrat.*

MRS. PANKHURST will sail for home November 26. And the next day will be Thanksgiving.—*Boston Herald.*

ENGLAND, refusing to hurl Harry Kemp back upon our shores, wipes out anything said or done by Sir Lionel Carden.—*New York Press.*

"AFTER Huerta, what?" asks the Washington *Post.* If the question had been "Who?" we could have answered, "Wilson, that's all."—*Louisville Times.*

THE acting Governor of New Jersey was a brakeman ten years ago. Most States need a Governor with that kind of experience.—*Boston Herald.*

POSSIBLY England's mistake in recognizing Huerta was due to a confusion of the identities of President Wilson and ex-Ambassador Wilson.—*Cleveland Plain Dealer.*

THERE is a possibility that Huerta may yet wish that he had not been so cross with Uncle Sam; he may want to visit these shores in a great hurry shortly.—*Troy Record.*

"YALE to drop English system of rowing." and "England adopts American style of polo" are two of yesterday's headlines which should show the trend of the times.—*New York Press.*

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FOREIGN COMMENT

"BIG BUSINESS" BEHIND THE MEXICAN MUDDLE

MANY leading European papers think that the struggle between Huerta and Carranza is a struggle between the capitalists of Europe and those of the United States. We are said to be backing and financing Carranza because under the rule of Huerta North American interests are not sufficiently favored and promoted. We are disgruntled because our manufactured goods are not suffered to supplant those of England, France, and Germany. It is charged more specifically that the battle is being fought for the immensely rich oil-fields of Mexico, and the combatants are the Standard Oil Company and the British Aguila Company, controlled by the Pearson interests. The London *Outlook*, speaking of "the sordid squabbles which usually attend rumors of Washington intervention in South American disputes" and "the well-founded fears of capitalist investors in the United States," adds, "There is certainly an immense effort at work to necessitate intervention in Mexico." Even more specifically a journalist in the London *Morning Post* dwells thus on the fight between the Standard and the Aguila:

"The fact must not be lost sight of that Mexico at the present time is the scene of two conflicts. There is a revolution against General Huerta and there is also a war of the rival oil interests.

"In the time of President Diaz all foreigners, Americans and Europeans, were treated on an equality, as President Diaz welcomed foreign capital and accorded equal privileges to concessionaires. The American oil monopoly had long planned to extend its operations to Mexico, and was greatly disturbed when English capitalists invaded the Mexican oil-fields.

"If reports based on something more than mere rumor are reliable, the American oil monopoly had no small share in the events that led to the expulsion of President Diaz and the success of Señor Madero.

"It is a fact, and not a mere rumor, that Americans enjoyed the favor of Señor Madero and intrigued against British interests, and it is also a fact that since General Huerta came into power the Americans have lost their advantage and the English are in a better position than they were.

"Rumor has it that the Americans, convinced that there is nothing to be hoped for from General Huerta, are financing General Carranza, and will look for their reward if he comes into power.

"The oil-fields of Mexico are so enormously rich, and assure such great wealth to their possessors, that it is not surprizing there should be keen rivalry on the part of great financiers to secure their control, or that both sides should use the disturbed political condition of the country to their advantage."

LORD COWDRAY,

Head of the Pearson oil interests. Some of the British press regard the Mexican muddle as a conflict between the Pearsons and Standard Oil for the Mexican oil-fields.

So high an authority as Dr. Emile Joseph Dillon avers in *The Contemporary Review* (London) that we are disgruntled because Europe has got the best of us in the Mexican markets, and hence we oppose every Mexican Government that refuses to give us special favors. He writes:

"Of late years every stone has been turned by Americans for the purpose of obtaining a firm economic hold of Mexico. Industrial companies and commercial firms have set themselves to bring about a so-called 'reciprocity' treaty with Mexico, whereby Mexican raw materials would be admitted into the United States in return for the admission of American manufactured wares into Mexico. For, strange tho it may appear, American manufactured goods have not yet been able to displace those of British, German, and French workmanship, in spite of the juxtaposition of the two countries and of the cheap railway communication they enjoy. The 'reciprocity' arrangement would, it was hoped, turn the scale in favor of American exports, and oust those of European origin from Mexican markets. But the Mexican Government has never swerved from the principle of giving equal opportunity to all foreign countries in the shape of the most-favored-nation treatment, with no privileges to any neighbor. And this attitude was calculated to turn Americans with an ax to grind against the Mexican Government, by whatever patriotic party it may be carried on. Mexico's statesmen held that the least they had a right to expect from European States in return for this policy of 'equal opportunity to all' would be friendly neutrality in the diplomatic struggle which it must of necessity precipitate between the two Republics. And they now complain that this modest hope has not been realized."

Of railway and oil rivalries this well-informed and authoritative writer continues as follows:

"The railway policy of the Mexican Government likewise engendered bitterness in the minds of patriotic Yankees. At a cost of hundreds of millions of pesos the Ministers of General Diaz, and in particular his Finance Minister, Señor Liamantour, bought back over 12,000 kilometers of railways, retained over half the shares for the State, and sold the remainder to a Mexican company. This patriotic and statesmanlike action caused heart-burnings among the financiers of the New World and their friends, who treasured up their ire until the insurrection supplied them with an auspicious opportunity to translate it into acts. In like manner the exclusive rule of the American Standard Oil Company in the petroleum markets of Mexico was broken, and now a British company, known as Aguila, is struggling with that great firm for the mastery.

"Those are some of the manifestations of Mexican policy which Yankee plutocrats bitterly resent. And the present chaotic state of the country offers them a handle which is being used for interference."

The clash in policy between England and the United States originated in the fact, says the *Kreuzzeitung* (Berlin), that the English Ambassador in Mexico merely represented "the oil interests of the Pearson Company, which was backed in its

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claims by the British Government." This point is enlarged upon by the aristocratic *Berliner Tageblatt*, which speaks with a certain Governmental and official authority, is circulated among the capitalists of the country, and has great influence at home and abroad. After quoting Sir Edward Grey's dictum that England had no reason for not recognizing Huerta, this paper proceeds:

"It is thus that the English policy in Mexico is directly contrary to that of Wilson and of the United States, and the fact is to be deplored. Yet it is affirmed that this contradictory policy by no means originated in England. The truth is that this stiff and cold attitude of England is greatly to the advantage of English industries and English trade in Central America. Sir Lionel Carden has moreover been blamed for the clash of policies, as an alleged worker for British capitalists to whose interests Huerta was more favorable than to the Standard Oil Trust."

"The hatred of Americans," declares the democratic and progressive *Frankfurter Zeitung*, "to a great extent originated in anxiety lest the country should become totally under the control of the powerful American trusts." And it proceeds to say plainly:

"It becomes more and more evident that the blame for the internal disturbance of this country must not be attributed to the United States. We are convinced, as we have already stated, that neither President Taft nor his successor had any intention of interfering in an unbecoming way with Mexican affairs. It is not to the Government at Washington, but to the great private interests, and mainly those of the Standard Oil Company, and its fatal influence on the American policy, that we must lay the account."—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

THE BLACK LEGIONS OF FRANCE

AN AMUSING FEATURE of the eternal squabbles that are going on between France and Germany lies in the fact that the Berlin Government eyes with deep resentment the possession by France of what the Germans style a "foreign legion." Germany has never been wholly successful in Germanizing Africa. The history of German colonization in the districts which have been made famous by the heroes of European adventure has been admittedly a history of disaster and failure. France, on the contrary, has recruited her armies from the Sahara and has made from Algerian mercenaries soldiers that fearlessly confronted the finest forces of Europe. It is only just to the most prominent military journalist of Germany to say that he has always stated his views frankly on this subject. General Von Bernhardi is a man of strong and patriotic convictions. It is not too much to say that he has largely dictated the military and naval policy of Germany for the last twenty or thirty years. He is a regular contributor to the *Deutsche Revue* (Berlin), and in one of his recent articles he says that "no one ought to believe in the pacific protestations of France." While he acknowledges that France has strong reserves in the dark races of Africa he adds that "her army there is by no means ready for a struggle with us." Russia, too, he declares to be in a "condition of uncompleted preparation," and he reminds us that "the fear of a general revolutionary conflagration cripples every national effort at military efficacy."

While General Bernhardi thus rather despises the black contingents of France, another German officer of distinction, Alfred Brensing, writing in the *Magdeburger Zeitung*, insists upon the necessity of maintaining in the Mediterranean a strong fleet of German war-ships to intercept the North African troopships which, supposably, are to bring contingents to support France in war against her European foes. This doughty warrior tells Germany:

"We must have a strong fleet in the Mediterranean. The French military law of three years constitutes a distinct menace of war. Sooner or later, we may expect an explosion in France whose results will be a war of revenge against Germany. The aim of our military authorities should be to prevent the transport of two corps of the Army, 65,000 men, from Africa to France. The French have no ship of war which can compete with ours. France could not therefore destroy our naval divisions in the Mediterranean, which of course would be supported by the swift war-ships of Italy. Neither could the French fleet be depended upon for defending the transports from Africa. The transfer of the African regiments to France would be a slow process, and it is not likely that more than fractions of the two army corps could be landed in France."

Then comes the question whether France, thus divided by her enemies, African mercenaries on the South, and native soldiers on the North, can look to England for help. He replies in these long-sighted terms:

"If you ask whether England would go to the aid of France, I must reply that it is exceedingly doubtful. The danger which England would run of losing Egypt, Australia, and New Zealand through the power of the German Fleet, ever growing in importance, makes people think. This danger is by no means misunderstood in England, and the consideration of it has recently made English statesmen consider the advisability of coming to some sort of an entente with Germany."—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

MR. CHURCHILL'S FAILURE TO STOP NAVAL RIVALRY

THE VERY SIGHT of Neptune's "placid head" popping up out of the ocean put a stop to the fierce conflict of winds and waves, we are told by the poet, and it has been hoped in some quarters that if Mr. Winston Churchill is not god of the sea, he is at least First Lord of the British Admiralty, and can stop the mad naval rivalry between Germany and Great Britain. He has made more than one effort at it, and if he succeeds he thinks that scores of millions of pounds "would be rescued for the progress of mankind." But his scheme for pouring oil upon the troubled waters of strife has not awakened much enthusiasm or support in the countries he wishes to pacify. The Germans hear "with mingled indignation, contempt, and pity," declares the Berlin correspondent of the London *Times*, the First Lord's latest offer of "a naval holiday." In the speech he delivered recently at Manchester, Mr. Churchill is reported as explaining his offer as follows:

"The proposal I put forward in the name of the Government for a naval holiday is quite simple. Next year, apart from the Canadian ships, or their equivalent, apart from anything that may be required by any development in the Mediterranean, we shall lay down four great ships to Germany's two. Now, we say to Germany: If you will put off beginning to build your two ships for twelve months, we will put off, in absolute good faith, the building of our four ships for exactly the same period."

Even the London papers condemn the proposal, which has been made and rejected before, as "impracticable," to use the term applied to it by *The Times*, which proceeds to say that "naval strength can not be reckoned in terms of capital ships alone. Such a proposal, if accepted, would not preclude Germany from spending the money she thus saved upon minor war-ships or upon submarines." "Once again the First Lord of the Admiralty exposes England to the deep humiliation of seeing an appeal regarded, as this is certain to be," observes *The Standard*, "either as a sign of weakness or an artifice to delude a rival into a feeling of false security. . . . 'Let them mock,' says Mr. Churchill, and that is exactly what they will do." "The proposal is assuredly one which no foreign Government will accept," is the final verdict of *The Daily Chronicle*. "What justification," angrily asks the Birmingham *Post*, "has Mr. Churchill in mind for hoping that his latest advance will be any more successful than the others?"

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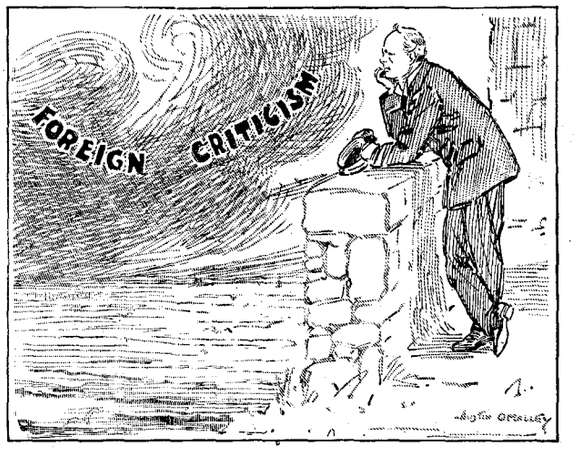

THE REST CURE.

In a recent speech Mr. Winston Churchill proposed a naval holiday for all nations, but the suggestion has not met with a friendly reception abroad.

THE FIRST LORD—"By jove, that cloud doesn't augur well for the holiday."

—*Newcastle Chronicle.*

VAIN HOPES.

THE OTHER MR. CHURCHILL—"Stop the hunt! Stop the FOX!"

Mr. Churchill's renewed suggestion for a naval holiday has already proved a failure. Its reception, both at home and abroad, has made it clear that it stands no chance whatever of being accepted.—(*Daily Paper.*)—*Pall Mall Gazette* (London). (*With acknowledgments to Mr. Punch.*

A BLUE HOLIDAY FOR MR. CHURCHILL.

In the German press the chorus of indignation is still louder. Count Reventlow, the chief Berlin authority on politico-naval affairs, treats the proposal with ridicule in the *Deutsche Tageszeitung* (Berlin). To quote a salient passage from his article:

"It is really time for Mr. Churchill to leave off damaging Anglo-German relations by his escapades. If he will stop speech-making for a year, Anglo-German relations would ripen to an intimacy hitherto unattainable."

The *Lokal Anzeiger* (Berlin), an official organ, thinks the First Lord is trying, with the possible aid of Canada, to bamboozle and get ahead of Germany in this naval competition, and we read of what is styled "Mr. Churchill's failure":

"He thinks to anticipate the production of Germany's naval estimates, doubtless recognizing the fact that, if he could make them appear wrong on any one point, the Reichstag would throw out the whole of them. Now what does this proposal mean? It means that England would either build three ships herself or get them from Canada. It is well known that Austria and Italy intend to enlarge their program in the Mediterranean. England would meet this by building two ships. England would therefore have five new ships, abstain from building five more, and expect Germany to build none."

The popular *Berliner Zeitung* thinks that England is simply trying to put Germany in a false position, and affirms:

"The English Government has not come forward with a proposal which it expected to be considered practicable. Nevertheless the Ministry suffers Mr. Churchill to pursue a private and personal propaganda which will create a situation impossible for Germany to tolerate. Germany knows that the intentions of England's Liberal Government are not philanthropic. The only proposals our Chancellor can consider are such as do not clash with German interests, and any proposals of the sort must wear a very different aspect from those made by Mr. Churchill."

It was the party politician addressing the gallery that spoke at Manchester, thinks the *Vossische Zeitung* (Berlin). "The Minister of Marine was left behind, otherwise the Minister of Marine would have told Mr. Churchill that discussion of such a proposal was absurd." German war policy is always supported and pushed by the Conservative *Kreuzzeitung* (Berlin), which dismisses Mr. Churchill's plan as "unacceptable" as an editor rejects a bad poem or a broken-backed story, and it says in part:

"Every one who has watched the attitude which the English Admiralty, from time to time, have taken toward Germany can not fail to discern a deliberate scheme in their attempts to interfere with us and our naval-construction program. They are trying by all the means in their power to invalidate the German Naval Law. They even infringe the sovereignty of a foreign state. These tactics are altogether wrong. Not only are they futile, but they arouse fresh antagonism. If people in England have any desire for a sincere political agreement with Germany, let them forbid Mr. Churchill to meddle by his offensive flights of oratory with the domestic affairs of the German Empire."—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

HOOLIGANISM IN RUSSIA

UNLESS the Russian press exaggerate the condition of society in that country, social and moral anarchy and violence combine to produce a condition of chaos. Russians, we are told, have lost their historic ideals, religion is trampled under foot, violence reigns high and low among a people who live in defiance of the law. The people, indeed, are pictured as sunk into a condition of barbarism and bestiality. Murder and rapine are the prevailing elements in this strange condition of things. The "Apaches" of Paris, the "roughs" of London, the "gangsters" of New York represent but a small section of the population, but "hooliganism" in Russia comprizes in its ranks members of the highest as well as the lowest strata of society. It is found in the villages as well as in the cities, and the magistrates and police, we are assured, are powerless to check the vast wave of reckless lawlessness which is deluging the land. The Minister of the Interior, Maklakov, speaking of conditions in Russia some time ago, said among other things: "Crime increases here. The number of crimes has grown. A partial explanation is the fact that the younger generation grew up in the years of revolt, 1905–6. The fear of God and of laws disappears even in the villages. The city and rural population is equally menaced by the hooligans." While one may find his "partial explanation" quite unsatisfactory, the fact that crime increases to an appalling extent can not be doubted. The *Shkóla e Zhizn* (St. Petersburg) thus defines the term hooliganism:

"Hooliganism as a mass phenomenon is wholly unknown in Western Europe. The 'Apaches' who terrorize the population of London and Paris are people with an entirely different psychology from that of the hooligan.

"Hooliganism in our cities and villages has nothing to do with hatred of the existing social-political order. Its representatives can be met in all classes of society, from the highest to the lowest,

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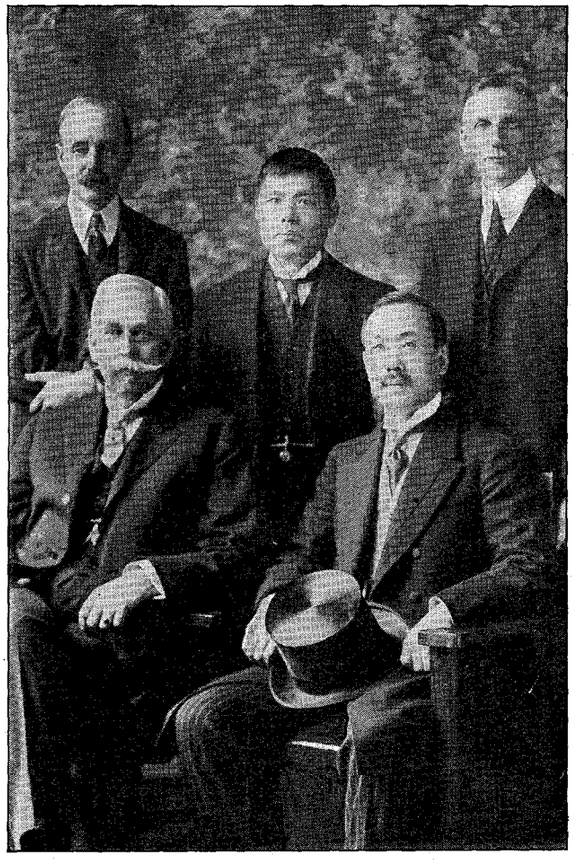
among the village youth and among people who have been honored with university diplomas, and who are occupying comfortable positions. Alcoholism, ignorance, and political disability, no doubt, contribute toward its growth, but the fundamental cause is the lack of ideals, the absence of any moral bases."

The *Niva* (St. Petersburg) thus describes the character of the Russian hooligan:

"Nothing human or divine restrains the destructive frenzy of the untrammeled will of the hooligan. There are no moral laws for him. He values nothing and recognizes nothing. In the bloody madness of his acts there is always felt something deeply blasphemous, disgusting, purely bestial. . . . Undoubtedly, in the flood of 'hooliganism' which is rapidly inundating with its turbid, menacing waters our capitals, provincial towns, and quiet villages, must be seen the beginning of some painful regeneration of the Russian popular soul. . . . A great one hundred and fifty million people, who have lived for whole centuries with definite religious-political conceptions and beliefs which have determined their mode of life and internal relations, begin to doubt, as it were, their gods, discarded their beliefs, and remain without any spiritual foundations, without any moral and religious supports."



WORKING FOR JAPANESE-AMERICAN PEACE.

Members of the Imperial Parliament of Japan and of the Congress of the United States constituting a committee of the Japanese-American Section of the Interparliamentary Union organized in September at The Hague, and who recently (October) were in conference at Washington, D. C. From the reader's left to right, they are (standing): Hon. Walter I. McCoy, New Jersey; Hon. Wachi Seki, Tokyo, Japan; Hon. Wm. D. B. Ainey, Pennsylvania, Secretary; seated: Hon. James L. Slayden, Texas; Hon. Zembei Horikiri, Tokyo, Japan.

The picture Mr. M. Menshikov draws in the *Novoye Vremya* (St. Petersburg) is really striking:

"All over Russia . . . we see the same growth of 'hooliganism,' and the terror in which the hooligans hold the population. . . . It is no secret that the army of criminals increases constantly. The courts are literally near exhaustion, crusht under the weight of a mountain of cases. The police are agonizing in the struggle with crime, a struggle which is beyond their strength. The prisons are congested to the breaking-point. . . . Is it possible that this terrible thing will not meet with some heroic resistance? . . . A real *civil war* is going on in the depths of the masses . . . which threatens a greater destruction than an enemy's invasion. . . . . .

"Not 'hooliganism,' but anarchy—this is the real name for that plague which has invaded the villages and is invading the cities. It is not only degenerates who enter upon a life of debauch and crime; already the average, normal masses join them, and only exceptionally decent village youths still maintain, as much as possible, their life of honest endeavor. . . . We see that nearly all the drinking people are drawn into criminal acts of violence, incendiarism, robberies, and murder. The young people, of course, make a greater show than the elderly peasants and the old men. . . . But the fact is that both the former and the latter are degenerating into a state of savagery and bestiality."
—*Translations made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

WHY JAPAN WILL NOT FIGHT CHINA

THE RECENT FRICTION between China and Japan has drawn attention to the fact that Japan would cut off her own food supply by attacking China. True, Japan might win, but it would be a costly victory. Japan is not financially prepared for war, we are told in the *Republican Advocate* (Shanghai), altho far more efficient than China as a military nation. The accompanying group picture shows the effort being made by members of the Japanese Parliament and the American Congress to improve our relations with Japan. That the Japanese Parliament is dominated by cool-headed statesmen who oppose jingoism is shown by the recent defeat of the military party which dominated the late Cabinet. *The Republican Advocate* is said to be edited by the secretary of Dr. Sun Yat-Sen, who has been living in Japan since the failure of his revolutionary effort in South China, and it is possible that Dr. Sun inspired the present article, founding it upon his observations in the land of his exile. We read:

"It is not difficult to see that any serious conflict between China and Japan would not only seriously impair the development of China, but would react most unfavorably upon Japan herself. Apart from the fact that a strong and progressive China is necessary to the political strength of Japan, which is to-day the only Asiatic Power possessing any appearance of real independence, Japan's economic position must be exposed to a very serious menace. Japan can not enter on a war with even a weak country like China without further seriously affecting her finances, which are already in a precarious condition. It was this which led to the strenuous fight of the Seynkai against the late Cabinet, resulting in the defeat of the military party; and the return of the latter to power would spell economic and political ruin to the Japanese nation. This should be evident to the intelligent statesmen of Japan."

China's chief weapon would be the boycott, we are told, and the Chinese know how to use it with terrible effect:

"While it is true that China can not at present wage war with Japan, it must be remembered that Japan now depends, and expects in future to still depend, principally upon China for her 'bread and butter,' and if China, in the event of a breach of friendship with Japan, should resort to the simple but most effective retaliation of boycott, an art China has learned to perfection during recent years, where would Japan be? That the Chinese all over the world would, in the event of hostilities, boycott Japan has been already shown during the *Tatsu-maru* incident and on other occasions. With her trade at a discount, and with no natural resources to fall back upon, it is even doubtful if Japan could borrow money from outside. The Japanese chauvinists and the disgruntled militarists might just as well face facts squarely; and, however commendable national pride and honor may be, they should remember that 'discretion is, after all, the better part of valor,' and that reasonable demands will do more for Japan than unreasonable demonstrations of force and undue efforts to seek reparation for injured honor."

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SCIENCE AND INVENTION

USELESSNESS OF LOOPS IN THE AIR

HAS THE PROOF that one may upset in an aeroplane and regain one's position advanced the art of aviation? "Yes," some say; for it shows that the aviator who upsets accidentally is not necessarily lost. "No," others assert; for the ability to overturn an aeroplane at will only makes more certain the chance that it may also overturn by accident, and the fact that one may "loop-the-loop" in a monoplane only puts aviation again on the level where its friends prefer that it should not be — the level of a circus performance. Says a writer in *La Nature* (Paris, October 18):

"Aviation suffers cruelly from the lack of stability of its machines; all inventors have their eyes on this problem, and competent commissions are also at work on it; a society has been formed to secure safety in aeroplanes, which offers a huge prize ($80,000) to whoever will prove that he has found the solution. If the experiments of Pégoud have the value of a demonstration, the event should be celebrated by a shower of gold, of honors, and of commissions from the Government. But it is not so; and this is why:

"Pégoud began to fly in his machine in the usual manner, then with a quick movement of the rudder he lowered its head; instead of trying to regain his position, he accentuated his curve and was finally upside down. Then, by a new motion of the rudder, he regained the upright position. He also executed similar maneuvers in the transverse direction.

"A wonderful feat, surely. But is the aeroplane, upside down, more stable than in its normal position? If so, we must greet Pégoud's performances as a revelation. We then already have the stable aeroplane; it is the aeroplane upside down. Make no change in its construction, but fly with the wheels uppermost!

"If not, we must recognize that the aviator who should have recourse to such a maneuver in case of danger would be somewhat like the poor man who, in the classic joke, turned his vest 'because the other side had a hole in it.'

"Unfortunately the warmest admirers of Pégoud do not assert that the former supposition is true, but they reason thus: 'If the aeroplane overturns accidentally, the pilot, as shown by Pégoud himself, has a supreme and instantaneous recourse in "looping the loop."'

"There is nothing absurd in this, but if we are right in making this assertion we must give up all thought of stabilizing our machines, so that Pégoud's trials proclaim, not the success, but the failure of stabilization. But the serious tests made by Etevé, Doutre, Moreau, etc., presuppose that an aeroplane ought to be able to balance itself so as never to overturn. It is a matter of the angle at which the wings are set, and it is well to know that what Pégoud did on purpose has happened to other aviators involuntarily. This should make us do some thinking. If the machine is so constructed that the pilot may overturn it at will, is there not cause for fear, if he is not expert enough, that he will upset without wanting to? If that is so, an exceptional resource will be paid for with a permanent danger!

"This is not all. The machine, while overturning, is exposed, without defense, to all the hazards of the atmosphere. Once overturned, it flies in very different conditions from those for which it was built . . . in much more dangerous conditions. It must return to its normal position, and in so doing run another risk.

"Who wants to run such a double risk, except the experts of the air? How many passengers would embark on a craft that possest the ability, in case of an upset, to sail along for a while keel upward?

"We therefore draw this plain conclusion:

"Pégoud has shown that an exceptionally good pilot, if he gets into desperate straits, may grasp at a last chance of safety that no test has hitherto put in evidence.

"Does such a result improve the question? Not at all.

"Will it put us back? Quite possibly; by risking the direction of research in a false path and by offering a new prize for the performance of feats, which — why do our constructors fail to understand it? — is the prime obstacle to the popularization of aviation." — *Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

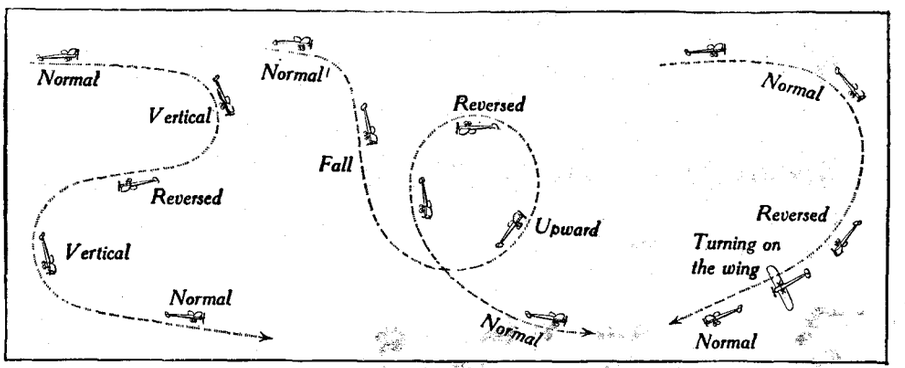

FIG. 1.—FLIGHT IN AN S. FIG. 2.—LOOPING THE LOOP. FIG. 3.—TURNING ON THE WING.

"STUNTS" THAT SHOW INSTABILITY—NOT SAFETY.

Instead of reassuring us of the safety of aviation, says a French scientific writer, "this should make us do some thinking," for "if the machine is so constructed that the pilot may overturn it at will, is there not cause for fear, if he is not expert enough, that he will upset without wanting to? If that is so, an exceptional resource will be paid for with a permanent danger!"

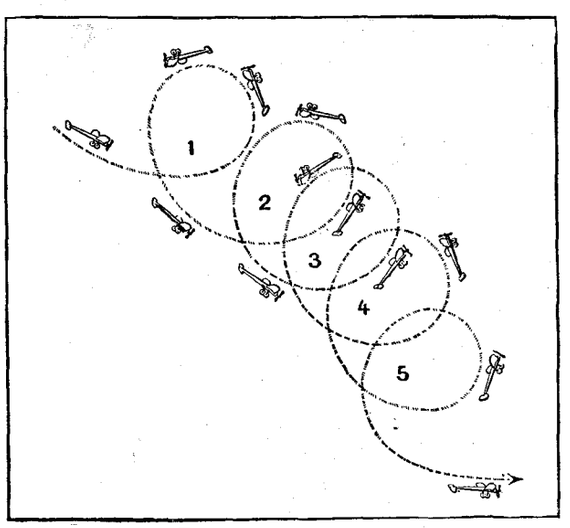

FIG. 4.—MULTIPLE LOOPS.

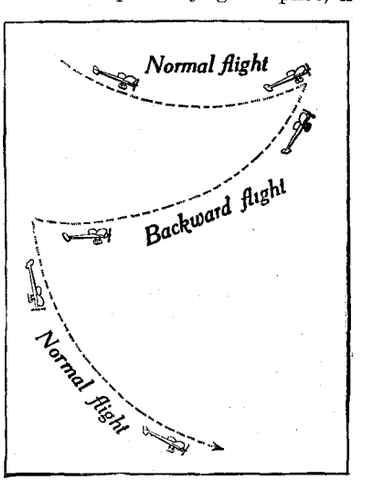

FIG. 5.—FLYING TAIL FOREMOST.

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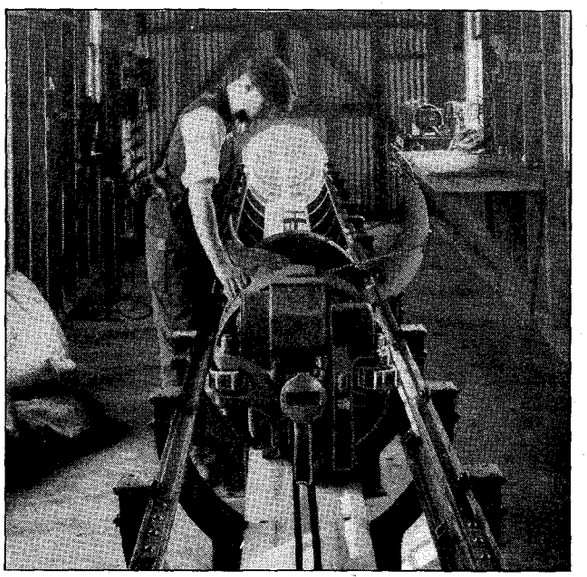
ELECTRIC MAIL-TUBES

AN ELECTRIC MAIL-CARRIER for packages too large to be handled by the ordinary pneumatic-tube service has been invented in Boston, and an experimental plant is now on exhibition in Cambridge, Mass. The tube is practically a tunnel through which a trolley-car runs,



Illustrations by courtesy of "Engineering News," New York.

FRONT VIEW OF THE ELECTRIC MAIL-CARRIER.

The car on the loading track, showing the track brake skids.

the whole device resembling on a small scale a city subway equipped with electric traction. The operation, of course, must be automatic. The device is described in an article contributed to *Engineering News* (New York). According to this paper it comprizes essentially one running rail, two side guide-rails, and an overhead trolley-conductor insulated from the tube structure. Through this runs a cylindrical built-up steel car with a length some three times the diameter. A single central wheel at each end-casting supports the car; one of these, the forward wheel, is geared to a direct-current constant-speed motor. We read further:

"This company has a large-scale demonstration and experimental plant at Cambridge, Mass., where the complete system is shown working. There is seen about one-third of a mile of track, part in 30-inch cast-iron pipe and part in a skeleton-tube construction. The track follows the sides of a rectangular lot, the corners being made with 90-degree curves of 50-foot radius. One corner is also at the summit of a five per cent. grade, these curves and grades being considered by the designers, from their experience, as the maximum that would be necessary for such a carrier railway. At one point, a short section of concrete tunnel of elliptical cross-section, 7 feet wide and 6 feet high, has been built to show how two skeleton tubes would be run through a single tunnel when that construction would be considered preferable to two pipes. The track passes through a temporary steel building fitted up as would be a dispatching and receiving station. . . . . .

"In dispatching a loaded car, the attendant pulls out the auxiliary-trolley handle and walks along to the tube entrance; when the car has sufficient velocity to make the entrance, the attendant lets go, the auxiliary trolley flies back out of service, the main trolley bar picks up current at full voltage from the overhead conductor, and the car quickly runs up to normal speed, which it maintains, approximately, until entering the distant terminal section. Back of the trolley baseboard is a field-reversing switch to reverse the motion of the car, but this is provided for emergencies and not regular service. A turn-table is used to transfer cars to and from sidings, and is used for reversing a car when it is desired to dispatch it in the same direction from which it came. The table is easily swung by hand.

"Braking of the car on entering the station is secured by letting it slide along on wood track skids, which take the weight off the wheels. Between the skids and the cars are two maple-faced shoes, which, however, can be lifted by the station attendant, so that the car can be run along out of the way of the next one; the shoes drop automatically as the attendant lets go the lift handle, so that a car can not be dispatched unprepared to stop properly at the other end.

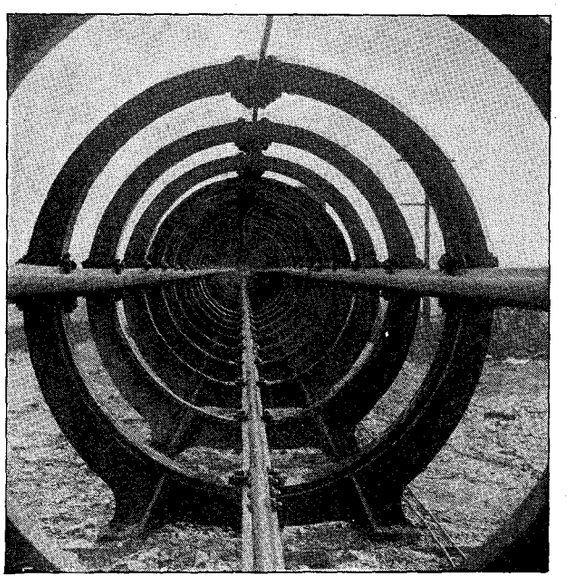
"Cars can be equipped with trips or contact devices to give indication of passing different points in the tube line, or for operating turnout switches for station sidings."

TELLING TIME WITH A PIN

HOW ANY MAN with an ordinary pin or needle, a place to drive it, and a reasonable amount of intelligence, may tell the exact time when his watch happens to run down on a long camping expedition in the woods is told by F. Irving Anderson in *The Sunday Magazine* (October 12). There are some preliminaries, and in particular it is necessary to remember the group of figures—3 minutes 55.90944 seconds. In actual practise, Mr. Anderson compassionately tells us, we may discard the last three figures in the fraction and call the decimal .91. Set it down as 3 minutes 55.91 seconds. He goes on:

"When you leave your train compare your watch with railroad time. This is likely to be observatory time, because a railroad watch that varies more than fifteen seconds a week is put into the discard. When you get to camp that night is the time to set up your observatory and take an observation.

"Drive the pin into a window-frame so that it stands out horizontally across the glass, if your camp boasts of a window. If not, pick out a sizable tree-trunk that will not sway with the wind. Now pick out some object a hundred feet or more away that stands out sharply against the western sky. A high rock or the sharp outline of a mountain crag will do. The best thing is the roof of a near-by house. The main thing is to get a point that is absolutely stationary, so that when one sights in a bee-line over the top of the pin he is shooting a straight line into



VIEW ALONG CARRIER RAILWAY TRACK.

infinite space. In other words, the pin and the outline of the rock or crag must answer the same purpose for the observer as the two sights on a rifle-barrel.

"About ten o'clock at night, or a few minutes before, take a peep across your sights and pick out some prominent star that is near the outline of your crag. This star, like all others in the

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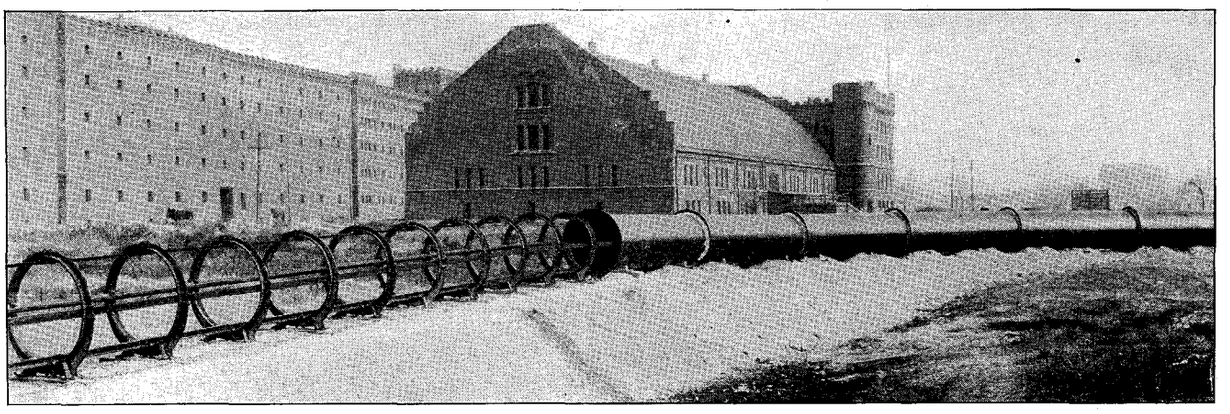

A DEMONSTRATION SECTION OF THE ELECTRIC MAIL-TUNNEL, SHOWING THE 30-INCH PIPE AND SKELETON TUBE.

heavens, is slowly moving toward the west, and at a definite hour that night will set on the line you have projected into the sky. As the star approaches the line keep your eye on your watch.

"You will be surprized at the sudden disappearance of this star as it hits the line. At that moment note instantly the time of your watch, which you must presume is correct on this occasion.

"Say the star you have selected sets at exactly ten o'clock. Put the time down on paper, with the date. That star will set three minutes and 55.91 seconds earlier every night. Thus it now becomes the hand of your astronomical clock.

"You won't have any use for this star for some time to come. You still have faith in your watch. But say two weeks later you discover that you have forgotten to wind your watch. Then you will be glad that you have picked out a guiding star.

"Say this is the fourteenth day you have been in the woods. Your star has been setting three minutes 55.91 seconds earlier each night for fourteen days. Multiply this by fourteen, which gives fifty-five minutes 2.74 seconds. Subtract this from ten o'clock, and you have four minutes 57¼ seconds (nearly) past nine. Set your watch at 9:4:57. From this stage proceed as a jeweler would when he is starting a chronometer that must be correct to split-seconds. When the hands are indicating the right hour, minute, and second he slips the tip of a camel's-hair brush in the balance wheel to act as a trigger. A few strands of hair will answer just as well as the brush. Then he winds up his instrument, and at the precise moment suddenly releases the balance wheel, and the wheels begin to revolve.

"The jeweler depends on the noon ball, or a standardized chronometer. Your star is just as good, perhaps a little better. Keep watch of it from time to time over your sights and as it approaches the line get it ready to let go. As the star suddenly hits the line and is quenched release the balance wheel, and—*presto! your watch is ticking observatory time, to the fraction of* a second.

"This simple scheme of keeping tabs on celestial time is much used by surveyors and engineers, whose work carries them far off the high road. They have found that even the best of chronometers will vary as much as three to eight seconds a day at times, due to changes in temperature, altitude, etc. A pin line and a fixt point on the horizon enable them to check their time to a nicety.

"The observations can be carried on over a period of years, if necessary, and any one with the smallest amount of practise need not vary a minute in true time. When it is desired to use the system over a long period it is well to select a star, say, forty degrees above the horizon, and take the first reading at midnight. As the star sets on the made-to-order horizon four minutes earlier *each night, it will set in twilight about two or three months after* the first observation, according to the season of the year. As it approaches daylight it must be discarded, and another star chosen, again forty degrees above the horizon.

"There is another use to which this system can be put besides telling time when one is not handy to standard observatory time; that is, to test the accuracy of one's watch or chronometer. Select several stars, say half a dozen, and take their setting time on the dial of the watch to be tested. Repeat this at intervals of a night or two, and average the results. This does away with the least possibility of error and shows if your timepiece is even a fraction of a second out. If you want to be painfully accurate, use 3:55.90944 instead of 3:55.91."

ARMY AND NAVY CONDEMNATION OF FOOTBALL

SURGEON-GENERAL STOKES, of the United States Navy, has been conducting for some time a strenuous crusade against football. He has now been joined by the Army, in the person of Col. Clarence P. Townsley, Superintendent of the United States Military Academy, who asserts in his annual report that 75 per cent. of all the injured treated by the surgeons in the season at West Point are due to football casualties. This large percentage comes from only forty or fifty cadets who engage in the game, while the remaining 25 per cent. come from over six hundred cadets. *The Army and Navy Journal* (New York) remarks:

"Colonel Townsley says that the frequency of injuries to football players, and the permanent character of many of such injuries, make it a question of whether football is of sufficient value to the corps to warrant its continuance and the tremendous expenditure of time and money involved. Of the sixty-one injuries due to football and treated at the hospital at West Point from September 1 to November 30 last year, eleven were of a character liable to cause future trouble—that is, 18 per cent. of the injuries were of a serious nature. Colonel Townsley says: 'Football certainly serves no useful purpose in the physical development of training in the corps, as it is voluntary and attracts to its squad only the few who are already physically strong, active, and well developed. Its value, if it has any, lies mainly in the interest, entertainment, and excitement it affords to the other members of the corps and the thousands who attend its principal contests and are willing to contribute to its support.'

"Surgeon-General Stokes, from the very beginning of his term as head of the Bureau of Medicine and Surgery of the Navy, has thundered against the injurious effects of football and other too strenuous sports, and in his very first annual report took strong ground against the encouragement of games which he believes tend to weaken the heart of the participant and thus make him an easy victim in later years to the inroads of disease. Dr. Stokes has had studied the careers of a number of officers who were athletes in their Academy days, and has sought to prove from the data thus collected that the Service suffers a positive loss in weakened physique at a time in life when the best should be expected of officers in the coordination of mind and body. In one of the Surgeon-General's reports he gave the records of 622 star athletes in classes from 1892 to 1911, compared with the records of 580 of non-athletic midshipmen, showing that the former had suffered severely in health. An excess of 50 per cent. was shown among these star athletes over the non-athletic in valvular diseases of the heart, general poor health, obesity, tuberculosis, etc. The Surgeon-General of the Navy believes that this condition is brought about by overtraining and overstraining, and has recommended that athletics be regulated to avoid such conditions, that endurance contests dependent upon brute strength be eliminated from the category of Academy sports, and that a maximum effort be made to develop a symmetrical, normal physique rather than a highly specialized machine."

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SHALL WE HARDEN OUR CHILDREN?

THE OLD BELIEF that exposure of children to cold, hunger, or fatigue served to make endurance easier for them in after-years was once accepted as a truism, and some of the more delicate little ones doubtless received permanent injury, or perhaps even lost their lives, in the "hardening" process. Lately we seem to have gone to the opposite extreme of coddling our children too much. Surely a happy mean may be found between putting a child to bed in a wintry room with insufficient bed-covering and never exposing him to cold or hardship at all. A recent German authority assures us that the old-fashioned "hardening" is actually necessary, but adds that it must be accomplished in a sane way, with due regard to the child's age and physical constitution. Says an editorial writer in *The Medical Record* (New York):

"The physician is frequently asked to express an opinion on this subject, and it is quite likely that in most instances he will hesitate before giving an answer which is more apt to be vague than definite. The reason for this is that the risks of an injudicious method of hardening are greater than those of a careful nurture of the young. The specter of rheumatic endocarditis more than counterbalances the virtue of wet feet, of bare knees, and of gauze underwear. There are so many factors to be considered: the individual child, the climate, the season, and the environment, that the problem of hardening becomes one of careful study and deliberation rather than one of vague generalization. The question may be asked: Are there any accurate scientific data upon which one may base a rational method of hardening? Fortunately an affirmative answer is available.

"The subject of hardening is discust in its broader physiological and clinical aspects by Alois Strasser. . . . He emphasizes the necessity of this hardening, but it should be accomplished with due regard to the age and constitution of the child. The fact should be borne in mind that the surface covering of the child with reference to the latter's weight is an extensive one, and that the tendency to loss of heat and the irritability of the nervous system are greater than in the adult. These circumstances decree that rigid systems of hardening are not only unnecessary but may be of distinct danger. Neither during the first few weeks of life, nor at any rate during the first years, can the child tolerate a hydrotherapeutic process of hardening. For the first few years of life the open-air method of hardening is the more important. The question is not so much one of exposure to the ever-varying changes of the outer air as one of adaptation of the uncovered skin to the atmospheric temperature variations of indoor air, and the adaptation of the body suitably clad to all sorts of weather outdoors. Pouring cool water over the child while the latter is in a lukewarm bath is more a process of stimulation than one of hardening, and it is of no great importance if the daily bath, which at any rate should not be too warm, about 90 F., is cooled a few degrees while the child is in the bath. Mild hydrotherapeutic measures may be employed in the case of children three or four years of age, but these measures should not go beyond a mere sponging of the body. Showers and douches of low temperature are at this age detrimental. The morning hours are the best for giving the sponge bath. . . . . .

"During the later years of childhood up to puberty the order in the carrying out of hydriatic procedures is of greater moment than a mere intensification of the latter. As a rule a single short stimulating bath in the morning is sufficient, and this must be adapted to the susceptibility of the child. Safety and comfort are the criteria upon which the mode of bath should be based. Physiological observations have shown that psychic influences, such as fear, have a profound influence in changing and even in reversing the physiological effect of thermic stimuli.

"With reference to the age of the child an important point is emphasized by Strasser. During the period of growth there are certain stages of rapid increment of organic development, during which the body needs all of its resources for growth and during which any excessive strain upon the nervous system, upon the heat-regulating mechanism, etc., is apt to produce disastrous consequences. These periods of rapid growth are between the fourth and fifth, the ninth and tenth, and the thirteenth and fourteenth years of life, and particularly in the girl at the time of puberty. During these critical periods one should be particularly cautious in carrying out any hardening measures."

TO KASHMIR BY AERIAL CABLE

THE FAR-FAMED Vale of Kashmir, in northern India, is to be brought into touch with the outer world by means of the longest aerial cableway in the world—75 miles across the Himalayas. United States Consul Henry D. Baker, on special commercial service in India, writes from Simla, the summer capital, to *The Daily Consular and Trade Reports* (Washington, October 17) that engineers have long tried in vain to solve the problem of adequate transportation across this mountain barrier. It is crossed at present by a road 200 miles long, a wonderful piece of engineering, completed in 1887. Fifty-four men were killed by falling boulders during its construction, and owing to the presence of these huge loose rocks in the soft soil, the building of a railroad—even a light electric road—has been pronounced impracticable. There is nothing for it but to swing a cable high in air over the treacherous mountain-chain. Writes Consul Baker in substance:

"After the invention of Brennan's monorail system of transport the Government of Kashmir entertained strong hopes that this system would be well adapted to meeting the special difficulties of communication across the mountains, and Mr. Brennan, in his experiments with the monorail, was liberally assisted by subsidies from the Kashmir Government. However, it was found that the monorail system would also be impracticable, chiefly because of the sharp-turning angles which would be required, and also the danger from slips.

"At the suggestion, then, of Lieutenant-Colonel A. J. de Lotbiniere, a Canadian military engineer, whose services had been lent to the Kashmir Government as state engineer, it was decided to cause investigation of the feasibility of an aerial cableway, and, if possible, to encourage private enterprise to enter on this project. This survey has been completed and has demonstrated to the satisfaction of the firm and of the Kashmir Government that the scheme is practicable and will not be unduly expensive. It is anticipated that the cost will amount to about $1,500,000.

"In discussing with Lieutenant-Colonel de Lotbiniere, at his home in Kashmir, the features of this great scheme, it was mentioned to me that altho the work would be undertaken by a London company, yet he hoped, as the cableway would be operated by electricity generated by water-power at a station near the town of Rampore, built by an American electrical engineer and equipped with electrical machinery from the United States, which had given every satisfaction, that the London company in the interest of uniformity of electrical equipment would purchase all its electrical machinery and material in the United States.

"The cableway will be constructed in big spans of about 800 yards each with fixt cables upheld by iron pillars or towers of latticework, some of which will have to be 100 feet high. There will be separate sections every five miles and separate cables, of course, for outgoing and incoming freight, which will be about nine feet apart and with a diameter of about 1½ inches each. From these cables steel cars will be suspended and conveyed, about 30 to every mile, and holding 335 to 450 pounds each of freight. These cars will be carried over great gorges and precipitous hills, and in some instances there will be a sheer drop underneath them of 1,200 feet. The transfer of cars from section to section will be automatically accomplished by revolving drums which will effect release of the cars and their renewed gripping to the hauling ropes of the next section. On account of the difficulty of expansion and contraction from heat and cold, the cables will be equipped with a complicated system of springs anchored with tremendous weights to make them of the same length all the year round. The cableway will follow the gorge of the Jhelum River most of the way, which it will frequently cross and recross, accordingly as the spans can be most conveniently constructed, and the towers be located where there can be safety against slipping and dangers from falling boulders. The great advantage of the aerial cableway will be that all dangerous parts of the road can be dodged and the cars moved from hill to hill and over gorges instead of at the side of them, the towers being based at places where there can be no danger of slips.

"It will not be the intention at first to use the aerial cableway for transport of passengers, but only for freight. However, if the cableway is found to work with perfect safety and no acci-

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dents occur, it is likely that within a year or two it will be equipped with cars suitable for passengers."

The cost of carrying goods over the present mountain road now amounts to about $25 a ton, and the transport requires over two weeks. In many cases this cost is practically prohibitive. By the aerial ropeway it is estimated that goods will travel five or six miles per hour and, by short cuts from the present road, be over the ropeway within 15 hours, while being propelled by cheap water-power the cost of transport would be an insignificant charge against the cost of the goods transported.

VENTILATION AND EFFICIENCY

THAT BETTER RESULTS may be obtained from work in the open air than in an ill-ventilated room is a fact well known to most persons. The factors of efficiency are now being put to the mathematical test of figures, this particular one among them. Says *American Medicine* (New York, September) on its editorial page:

"Dexter's work on 'Weather Influences' was the first to prove that meteorological conditions affect us far more profoundly than we had imagined. We all long knew the nervous effects of great disturbances, but it was a revelation to know that the minor changes also had appreciable results. This kind of work is now being carried on by Prof. Ellsworth Huntington, of Yale University, whose writings have already attracted great attention from his originality and his power to analyze figures which are meaningless to others. Last but not least is the investigation of the loss of efficiency due to unsanitary conditions in the work rooms. Winslow, of the College of the City of New York, has called the attention of manufacturers to the fact that if the above-mentioned investigators find that in a hot sultry August day the output is less and of a poor quality, while it is far better in October, it is business folly to make the work rooms so hot and stuffy as to resemble August dog-days. We fully expect that it will be proved to be a paying investment, in certain lines, to introduce cooling apparatus in such factories, so that the workers are kept in the best conditions for speed and accuracy. Our interest in the matter is the influence on public health. Every factor which is found to reduce efficiency certainly affects health adversely, and we are therefore sure to learn more about hygiene than we ever knew before. Every improvement in factory conditions to increase efficiency will reflexly enhance health and reduce the number of breakdowns. We therefore urge physicians to take an active interest in these investigations, for they are quite sure to find out why many of their patients get sick, tho apparently living wholesome lives. Cure as well as prevention will become more certain. President Taft's economy commission is said to have found inefficiency due to the unsanitary conditions in which clerks are compelled to work in the executive departments in Washington. . . . We therefore urge factory owners to investigate all such matters as room temperature, excess or deficiency of light, ventilation, the food of employees, and even their home conditions, for it will increase profits enormously if the workers are made healthier. We particularly urge the economy commission to investigate the effects of long hours for clerks, for if the above-mentioned investigators are not deceived the Government is losing very heavily through the errors committed by tired brains after four o'clock and probably after three in lines requiring keen attention—not to mention the nervous breakdowns resulting from straining jaded nerves to work when rest is imperative."

AN AERIAL-CABLE ROAD IN THE ALPS,

Which gives an idea of what the much larger and horizontal one will be in the Himalayas. It will be 75 miles long, sometimes swinging 1200 feet in air.

COLORS THAT CHANGE IN THE DARK

A CLASS of substances has been discovered that is of one color by day and another at night. Change of color under the influence of light is no new thing; any fabric dyed with a pigment that is faded by the sun will illustrate it. These changes, however, are not reversible; one can not restore his faded carpet or curtains by keeping them in the dark, no matter how long. The substances endowed with "phototropy," which is the name that has been given to the curious new property, may be changed from one color to the other as often as we please to move them from light to darkness or from the violet to the red end of the spectrum. Furthermore, they differ from colors that simply fade, by revealing sometimes their richest tints in the brightest light. Such are the salicylidenes, which are a clear yellow in the dark and orange or red in the light. The change effected by light is more rapid than the reverse change due to darkness, and the violet rays of the spectrum appear particularly effective in bringing it about. Writes a correspondent of the *Revue Scientifique* (Paris, September 20):

"The particular portion of the spectrum that brings these changes about varies with each compound; but it has been found that the active part of the spectrum, between that which produces the first change and that which effects the inverse change, has always the same extent. If one shifts, the other alters to correspond.

"At the ordinary temperature, the first modification (from the light to the dark color) is rapid, requiring only a few minutes. The inverse transformation is slower; it sometimes lasts hours, days, or even weeks. But if the temperature rises, the inverse change may be considerably accelerated, and at a certain temperature, which is different for each compound, but characteristic of it, this inverse transformation takes place almost instantaneously. . . . . .

"To explain phototropy, Senier supposes that in solids the molecules exist in the state of groups, which may be arranged in numerous isomeric forms.

"The phenomenon of phototropy is quite comparable to that of phosphorescence. In the case of phosphorescent substances, absorbed solar energy is transformed into phosphorescent light. It is not given off under this form by phototropic substances; and yet, so far, no one has been able to show exactly what it becomes."—*Translation made for* THE LITERARY DIGEST.

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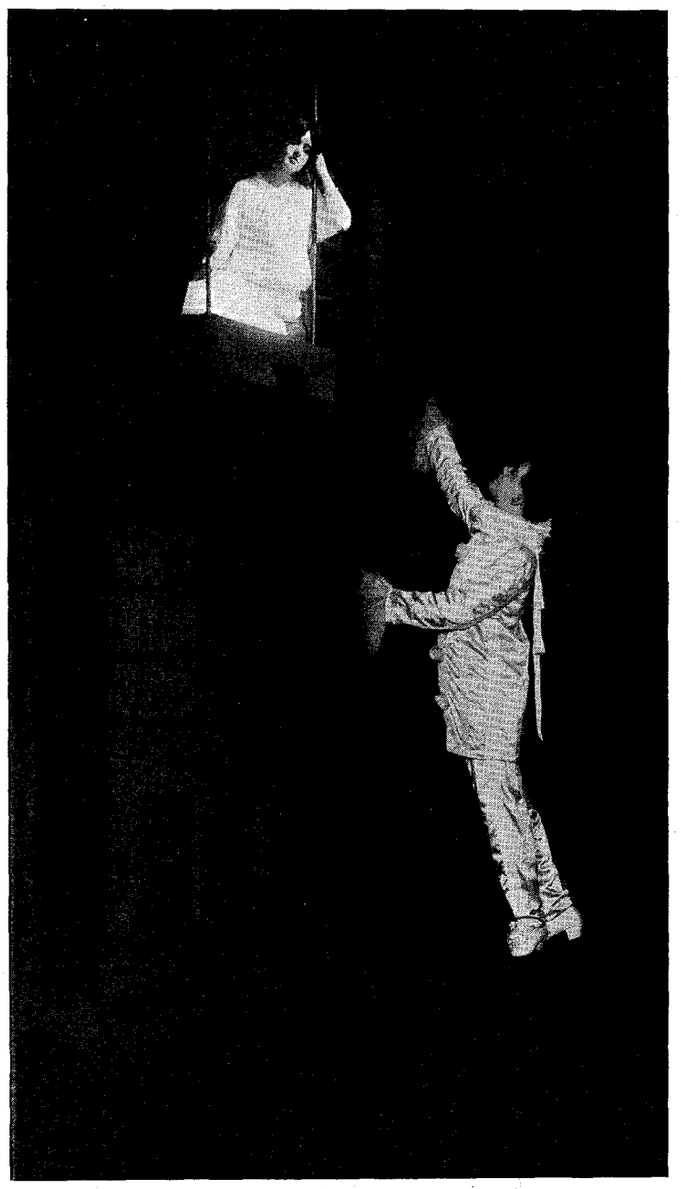
LETTERS AND ART

A PLAY WITHOUT A "PUNCH"

THE JADED TASTE of Broadway is supposed to demand drama of a rather strong flavor, yet the latest offering is a "pretty little old-fashioned tale, charged with an essentially modern spirit and embellished with much quaint humor and sentiment"! Is this a dish to set before a public that is reputed to demand a punch with each act in its theatrical fare? But it is what Mr. Winthrop Ames has brought forward with the quaint label "Prunella." Some of the newspapers are thankful that we still have managers who believe in "a more enlightened order of playgoers," and Mr. Ames in his beautiful Little Theater is not neglectful of their needs. "Prunella," the work of two Englishmen, Mr. Granville Barker and Mr. Laurence Housman, is English to the core, and has been a favorite with English playgoers since it first saw light ten years or more ago at the Court Theater in London. It has been a little slow in coming to us, but by a strange coincidence it shows how the theme of many a contemporary play that seeks its effects from disagreeable realism may be treated without these features. In it we see, as the New York *Evening Post* puts it, "the peril into which innocence may be plunged by ignorance and the folly of an educative system based upon the presumption that dangers cease to exist when they are not suspected." *The Evening Post*, in giving an outline of the story, reminds us that elsewhere we should look in vain did we seek to find this theme treated "with such poetic fancy or in such pleasant parabolic fashion." It proceeds:



PIERROT AT *PRUNELLA'S* WINDOW.

This production at the Little Theater shows how the theme of many a contemporary play that seeks its effects from disagreeable realism may be treated without the features that call for police intervention.

"The scene is laid in an old world walled garden, a peaceful paradise, into which no sight or sound of the wicked world without has ever been permitted to enter. Within these slumberous precincts, in an old cottage nestling beneath the thatch of centuries, the lovely girl *Prunella*, orphan of a mother who fled with a wandering artist, has been reared, in puritanical seclusion, by three overfond and overanxious maiden aunts, the Misses *Prude*, *Prim*, and *Privacy*. She has been taught to conduct herself with the most perfect propriety and the most unquestioning obedience, and she has been stuffed with the moral maxims of expurgated primers. She has never looked upon a young man, and has been carefully instructed that the story about the existence of such a person in the moon is a myth. Her only male companions are three old gardeners, whose insistence upon the fact that nature must be pruned if she is to be kept within bounds does not strike her with any particular relevance. Nor does she derive much satisfaction from a statue of Love in the garden modeled long ago by her unremembered father. On one eventful day a troop of strolling players pass through the village, and, in spite of all precautions—for the aunts employ all bars and bolts against these dread invaders—the leader of them, our old friend *Pierrot*, aided by his rascally jackal, *Scaramel*, gains admission. *Prunella* has never dreamed of a creature so entrancing, and, after her first kiss, falls a ready victim to his wiles. When he and his roistering companions, *Hawk*, *Kennel*, *Callow*, *Mouth*, *Doll*, *Romp*, *Tawdry*, and *Coquette*, return at night to serenade her (having stolen the key of the gate), while all the household is conveniently asleep—a condition which is highly improbable, but which must be taken, presumably, in an allegorical sense—she allows herself, in all innocence, to be carried down a ladder from her bedroom window, and, after brief and bewildered resistance to his ardent and artful wooing—in which he is assisted by the statue of Love, which becomes oracularly vocal—she consents to flee, and is straightway transformed into a *Pierette*.

"Three years later death and ruin have befallen the cottage. Only one of the old aunts survives, and she, a pauper, has been obliged to sell the place to a rich stranger. This is *Pierrot*, who has deserted *Prunella*, and now believing her to be dead is broken-hearted. No longer can he find any relief in the ribaldries of his boon companions, which now pall upon him. For their part, they deem him mad when he insists upon reenacting the scenes of the elopement three years before in the hope of raising

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at least the shade of the lost *Pierette*. The latter, of course, is not dead, but, as a broken wanderer, crawls home to die, while the stage is empty. She reproaches the stone *Love* for his measure of responsibility in her misfortunes, and again receives from him an oracular assurance, of which the symbolism was not made very definite on Saturday evening. To *Pierrot*, when she confronts him a little later, she seems a spirit, and when she appeals to him to accompany her he regards it as an invitation to death. But now for her sake, being at odds with life, he is willing even to die, and upon this proof that pure love has succeeded to selfish passion, she takes him in her living arms, and the curtain falls."

"I have heard it said that New York will not 'fall for any such stuff,'" remarks that most sophisticated of our weekly journals, *Town Topics*, "but I hold that, besotted by commercialism and the lust of purely physical sensation as we are, there are still enough of us left with the poetry in our souls to keep 'Prunella' with us for many a day." This same journal warns off "that unmitigated and omnipresent nuisance, 'the tired business man,'" and prays heaven that "his snores will never disturb the Little Theater while 'Prunella' is holding the boards there." *The Times* quotes *Pierrot's* story of "the house that shut its eyes" as a specimen of "the delicate fancifulness which characterizes the play":

Asleep on the edge of a town,
Where the highroad ran by,
Stood a house with the blinds all drawn down,
As if waiting to die.

And everything there was so straight,
With high wall all about,
And a notice was up at the gate
That told Love to keep out.

But Love can not read—he is blind;
So he came there one day
And knocked, but the house was unkind,
It turned him away.

But, lo, when the gates were all closed,
When the windows were fast,
At night while the householders dozed
Love entered at last.

SHALL AN ARTIST WRITE FOR POPULARITY?

SO MANY OBJECTIONS have been raised against the creed of "art for art's sake" that not many workers in the realms of art employ it now. Mr. Anold Bennett is promulgating a creed that might be styled "art for popularity's sake," and tho he is ingenious in its advocacy, some shake their heads. The London *Evening Standard* fears that the time is hardly ripe for such a creed, tho it admits that Mr. Bennett "possesses no little plausibility in presenting his case." His pulpit is *The English Review* (London) where he has been delivering himself on the story-teller's art. He starts out with the assumption that "an author is justified in desiring immediate popularity, instead of being content with poverty and the unheard plaudits of posterity." The worst of it is, most writers are so occupied with themselves that what they would say, if put into words, is: "I shall write exactly what and how I like, without any regard for the public; I shall consider nothing but my own individuality and powers; I shall be guided solely by my own personal conception of what the public ought to like." Mr. Bennett, with more worldly wisdom, would have them say, "Let me examine this public and let me see whether some compromise between us is not possible," for, he argues—

"The truth is that an artist who demands appreciation from the public on his own terms, and on none but his own terms, is either a god or a conceited and impractical fool. And he is somewhat more likely to be the latter than the former. He wants too much. There are two sides to every bargain, including the artistic. The most fertile and the most powerful artists are the readiest to recognize this, because their sense of proportion, which is the sense of order, is well developed. The lack of the sense of proportion is the mark of the *petit maître*. The sagacious artist, while respecting himself, will respect the idiosyncrasies of his public. To do both simultaneously is quite possible. In particular, the sagacious artist will respect basic national prejudices.

"For example, no first-class English novelist or dramatist would dream of allowing to his pen the freedom in treating sexual phenomena which Continental writers enjoy as a matter of course. The British public is admittedly wrong on this important point—hypocritical, illogical, and absurd. But what would you? You can not defy it; you literally can not. If you tried, you would not get even as far as print, to say nothing of library counters. You can only get round it by ingenuity and guile. You can only go a very little further than is quite safe. You can only do one man's modest share in the education of the public.

"In Valery Larboud's latest novel, 'A. O. Barnabooth,' occurs a phrase of deep wisdom about women: '*La femme est une grande réalité, comme la guerre.*' It might be applied to the public. The public is a great actuality, like war. If you are a creative and creating artist, you can not ignore it, tho it can ignore you. There it is! You can do something with it, but not much. . . . . .

"This contact may be closened and completed by the artist's cleverness—the mere cleverness of adaptability which most first-class artists have exhibited. You can wear the fashions of the day. You can tickle the ingenuous beast's ear in order to distract his attention while you stab him in the chest. You can cajole money out of him by one kind of work in order to gain leisure in which to force him to accept later on something that he would prefer to refuse. You can use a thousand devices on the excellent simpleton. . . . And in the process you may degrade yourself to a mere popularity hunter!"

To get this far is only to go half way with an author in his relations to his public. He has still to see that his work "is placed before the public as advantageously as possible." The sensitive author will find that Mr. Bennett has small sympathy with his tenderer feelings. He will not let the author merely dream about the masterpiece he has created, for there is "an article to sell, and the more skilfully he sells it the better will be the result, not only for the public appreciation of his message, but for himself as a private individual and as an artist with further activities in front of him." Mr. Bennett proceeds:

"Now this absolutely logical attitude of a merchant toward one's finished work infuriates the dilettante of the literary world, to whom the very word 'royalties' is anathema.

"The dilettanti's snobbishness and sentimentality prevent them from admitting that, in a democratic age, when an author is genuinely appreciated, either he makes money or he is the foolish victim of a scoundrel.

"They are fond of saying that agreements and royalties have nothing to do with literature. But agreements and royalties have a very great deal to do with literature.

"If an artist writes a fine poem, shows it to his dearest friend, and burns it, I can respect him. But if an artist writes a fine poem, and then by sloppiness and snobbishness allows it to be inefficiently published, and fails to secure his own interests in the transaction, on the plea that he is an artist and not a merchant, then I refuse to respect him.

"A man can not fulfil, and has no right to fulfil, one function only in this complex world. Some, indeed many, of the greatest creative artists have managed to be very good merchants also, and have not been ashamed of the double rôle.

"The late discovery of a large public in America delighted Meredith and had a tonic effect on his whole system. It is often hinted, even if it is not often said, that great popularity ought to disturb the conscience of the artist. I do not believe it. If the conscience of the artist is not disturbed during the actual work itself, no subsequent phenomenon will or should disturb it. Once the artist is convinced of his artistic honesty, no public can be too large for his peace of mind.

"But many artists have admittedly no aptitude for merchantry. Such artists, however—and they form possibly the majority—can always employ an expert to do their business for them, to cope on their behalf with the necessary middleman.

"Not that I deem the publisher or the theatrical manager to be by nature less upright than any other class of merchant. But the publisher and the theatrical manager have been

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subjected for centuries to a special and grave temptation. The ordinary merchant deals with other merchants—his equals in business skill. The publisher and the theatrical manager deal with what amounts to a race of children, of whom even archangels could not refrain from taking advantage.

"The same dilettante spirit which refuses to see the connection between art and money has also a tendency to repudiate the world of men at large as being unfit for the habitation of artists. This is a still more serious error of attitude—especially in a story-teller. No artist is likely to be entirely admirable who is not a man before he is an artist."

GORKY ASSAILING DOSTOIEVSKY

TWO GREAT FIGURES in Russian literature seem to have fallen foul of each other—Dostoievsky and Gorky. The former, of course, is dead and his place is becoming fixt not only among his fellow countrymen, but in the world at large. Gorky, according to recent reports, is expecting early death, and, in his home on the island of Capri, is feverishly working to finish his stint before the reaper takes him. His idea seems to be that Dostoievsky's writings are exerting an evil influence on the Russian character, and he has written a letter to the *Russkoye Slovo* to say so. The Moscow Art Theater staged with great success a few years ago an adaptation of "The Brothers Karamazov," and is now preparing a similar adaptation of another novel of Dostoievsky, "The Possest." Gorky condemns the production of such works as essentially harmful, and asks whether the presentation on the stage of the events and characters described in "The Possest" is "necessary and useful in the interests of social pedagogy." In the Manchester *Guardian* a St. Petersburg correspondent represents the position of Gorky in these further words:

"Dostoievsky, he says, is undoubtedly a genius, but 'he is our evil genius. He felt with inimitable penetration, he understood, he delighted in portraying' specifically Russian diseases, the morbid cruelty of the Nihilists and the impotence of the intimidated and downtrodden man. Dostoievsky writes, continues Maxim Gorky, as tho the Russian people consisted only of anarchist sensualists and half-dead fatalists. But it is impossible that such characters could have created and developed Russian culture. And in view of the impending work of social reorganization, that demands all the efforts of a sound and healthy people, it is dangerous to concentrate attention on Dostoievsky's characters by portraying them on the stage of the best Russian theater. The return to the 'so-called highest demands of the spirit' which is now noticeable in Russia does not provoke ethical development, distracts attention from real work, and is simply a result of the long subjection of the Russian spirit to the Church. Only the best and most useful must be chosen from the heritage of the past, not the worthless and the morbid. And in face of the growth of drunkenness and hooliganism, the Moscow Art Theater should aim at cultivating a healthy spirit rather than at emphasizing phases of character to which hooliganism is closely akin."

This strange misunderstanding by Gorky of the whole character of the great novelist's work, we are told, has evoked from the management of the Art Theater the following reply:

"In the midst of our difficult and joyful work in staging a second novel of Dostoievsky's your letter produced on us a particularly painful impression. It is not that we fear that the letter may cause the public to regard our theater as an institution which lulls to sleep the public conscience—the repertoire of the theater for the last fifteen years is a sufficient answer to such a charge. But it grieved us to learn that Gorky sees nothing in Dostoievsky's characters but sadism, hysteria, and epilepsy. . . . It is our duty as a body of artists to remind you that those highest demands of the spirit in which you see nothing but an empty play of words that distract attention from real work constitute, in our view, the primary aim of the theater. If you were to convince us of the truth of your view we should have to abandon art, for then it would have lost all meaning. And at the same time we should have to relinquish all that is best in Russian literature, seeing that it is devoted to the service of those very highest demands of the spirit."

CLARETIE LEAVING THE COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE

PARIS HAD COME to feel that Mr. Jules Claretie, like the poor, she would have always with her. There have been rumors of his resignation often circulated; there were several threatened resignations; there was at least one definitely given and withdrawn, so that the announcement of his final leave-taking stirred up some skepticism. He has really departed from the directorship of the Comédie-Française, and his successor, Mr. Carré, formerly director of the Opéra-Comique, has been gazetted as his successor. He is seventy-odd years of age and has directed the fortunes of the most famous theater in the world since 1885. The Comédie-Française is the first State-subventioned theater of France, and lives rent free and receives $50,000 a year from the State. A writer in the London *Daily News* gives these further facts:

"It is the direct descendant of Molière's original company of the seventeenth century, which was democratically self-governed by the actors, and these democratic traditions are responsible for much that is anomalous in its present management. For when the company was officially taken over after Molière's death by Louis XIV. it became at once self-governing and court-controlled, and the same dual authority was carried on by Napoleon when in 1812, on a drumhead in Russia, he signed the Decree of Moscow, which with few modifications is the charter under which the theater is still carried on.

"The position of the administrator-general is therefore always a difficult, sometimes an almost impossible one. His final sanction is the State, as represented by the Ministry of Fine Arts, whose servant he is. At the same time he is at the head of an organization nominally self-governed by the Sociétaires or leading actors, who are also the sole shareholders, altho their resolutions can be quashed by the Government, as happened in the case of Mlle. Dudlay in 1886, and was the first cause of the elder Coquelin's resignation. This position M. Claretie has filled with extraordinary tact and skill since October, 1885. As Coquelin *cadet* said to him in a speech at the twenty-fifth anniversary of his management three years ago, he often played his difficult hand with '*une diplomatie machiavélique*'—so successfully Machiavellian, indeed, that tho the actors often clamored for his resignation, yet whenever he threatened to take them at their word they asked him to withdraw it."

At the present moment, declares Mr. Emile Faguet, in *Le Gaulois* (Paris), there are "still more to regret his going than to rejoice over it, which is most unusual in such cases." Wherewith Mr. Faguet proceeds to show how Mr. Claretie has achieved high success, in work thick with pitfalls and difficulties, as much through the force of his personality as through the enlightenment of his mind. For one thing Mr. Claretie has always had the happy gift of being able to make enemies that did not last—and Emile Faguet remarks:

"He made many enemies. In his position it would have been impossible for him not to make some. First, not to have made enemies would imply a miracle. Then it would imply also a lack of character. Character is everywhere a rarity, the lack of it is everywhere an evil, but the lack of character at the Comédie-Française would be a calamity. So, while Mr. Claretie made many enemies, they were enemies only for a short time. As there are men who can make friends but cannot keep them, so there are men who can make enemies but cannot keep them. Mr. Claretie is of the latter kind.

"He knows how to command, how to refuse, but one always feels that when giving an order he is really only persuading one's obedience, and that while he refuses a thing it would be a great pleasure for him to grant the request."

Apart from the charm of his sincerity, this writer points with admiration to the devotion, profound and tender, yet wholly free from ostentation, with which Mr. Claretie has cherished the ideals of the House of Molière. Nor is he less handsome in praise of what he calls Mr. Claretie's "sureness of diagnosis and judgment" in the choice of plays. "Of course," Emile Faguet adds, "he has selected certain plays of which I have not considered well;

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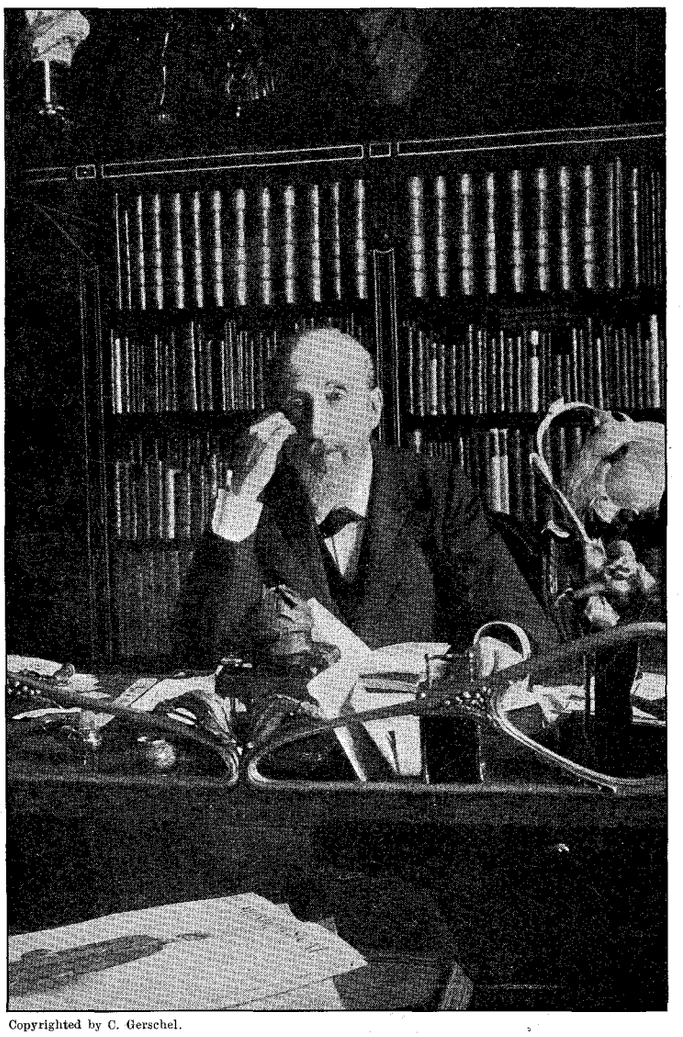
and he has declined others that I would rather have seen him produce. In the main, however, his critical acumen is exceptionally quick and sound, which is no easy matter in the theater, where one can never foretell the destiny of a play 'before the candles are lighted,' that is, before it is played; or, even after they are extinguished and the first performance is over." Mr. Claretie's mistakes, however, have been few and far between, we read, and the reason is plain to see, if we ponder on the literary career that preceded his incumbency as director of the Comédie-Française.

"At thirty he was an old hand at letters. He began to observe, to investigate, to think, to judge, and to write during his eighteenth year. About 1870 he was an old Parisian of twenty-eight years. Before taking charge of the Théâtre Français he had written novels, plays, historical sketches of Paris, and had done journalistic work. To an acute degree he was dowered with the sense of French literature and of the French public, but even more particularly of the literature of Paris and the public of Paris. That describes him sufficiently, and to my mind there never has been a director of the Théâtre Français more plainly destined for the post."



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HEAD OF THE COMÉDIE-FRANÇAISE FOR TWENTY-EIGHT YEARS,

Mr. Jules Claretie, who has just resigned this post, gave the public "the last glories of the past" and "consecrated all the glories of the new day."

As has happened to all the directors from Molière down, the writer informs us, Mr. Claretie had his troubles with the actors of the company; but he contrived always to get himself out of them with honor to himself and to the theater. He never lost his temper, but when hemmed about with vexation was able to contain himself with more than his usual calm and to show a surface expression colder than habitual. This diplomacy of temperament goes far, Emile Faguet says, with actors, "men and women generally of a nervous disposition, inclined to irritability"; and in settling disputes and misunderstandings, while of course not changing the stormy tendencies of the actors, he compares Mr. Claretie to oil upon troubled waters. Turning to his record as a producer for France's proudest theater, he states:

"Mr. Claretie gave the public the last glories of the past and consecrated, by admitting them to the Théâtre Français, all the glories of the new day. He tried out conscientiously many of the younger generation, who hardly delivered as much to him as he had hoped for, or wished. Yet he will always be credited with having welcomed, encouraged, aided, and proved them, than which there is no purer fame for a director of the Comédie-Française.

"One day I said to him: 'You've just put on a play that's a failure in your house, yet in any other theater would have been said to be worthy of Shakespeare. Then, why should any one complain?' He smiled. He understood what I meant; he knew even before the piece was produced. Yet why should he complain? The fact is, he never did complain of anything with bitterness.

"I was only reproaching him a bit for being too much of an old Parisian, having been such in his adolescence, and for not having an excessive complaisance toward the classics. As a matter of fact his taste, while wholly eclectic, which is proper in a director of the Comédie-Française, nevertheless balked a little at the classics, or at least did not take them up as generously as I desired. On this point there is always the defense that if the classics are not played much, it is out of love for them, and because one would not care to see them played unless divinely. In politeness he refrained from giving me that argument; and it may be he never even thought of it. Putting this aside, the fact is that under Claretie the House of Molière was not often the House of Corneille. Yet it is true also that under Claretie we saw a revival of 'Rodogune,' a play of which no director for a long time had even thought, and which proved to be a revelation. Nobody thought it would be a success, and everybody discovered it to be a triumph. We must not forget the good surprizes he has given us."

If he must go, then, Emile Faguet sums up, "let him go, having gloriously merited the distinction *emeritus;* but if you want to see or know a person of skeptical mind, look at my signature," and he adds:

"M. Claretie has always been torn between the desire to leave the Comédie-Française and the longing to remain there. . . . He is like the man—as long as it's Chateaubriand, I think no harm's done—who could not get along without the things he didn't care anything about. He has always wanted to escape, while having a muted craving for his prison, and has always wished to remain while possest of a lively impatience to be set free. It is possible that this is his present state of mind."

Some of the well-known actors and actresses who have been at the Théâtre Français during Mr. Claretie's reign are recalled by the writer in *The Daily News:*

"When Jules Claretie succeeded Emile Perrin at the house of Molière in 1885, the company still numbered many of the great actors of the middle of the century. . . . Sarah Bernhardt, tho she was still young, had already resigned some years before, but there were Got, Delaunay, the two Coquelins, Mounet-Sully, Maubant, Febvre, Worms, Prudhon, and Silvain among the male, Sociétaires, and Madeline Brohan, Reichemberg, Jeanne Samary, and Bartet among the ladies: while the Pensionnaires, or younger actors not yet admitted to full membership, included Truffier, Le Bargy, Leloir, de Féraudy, Duflos, and A. Lambert the younger, as well as Mesdames Kalb and Pierson."

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RELIGION AND SOCIAL SERVICE

MINISTERS WHO RUN CITIES

THOSE WHO INSIST that ministers should leave politics alone, and those who profess to believe that "a minister is not the right sort of a man to be placed at the head of a million-dollar corporation such as a large city," might read with profit the Rev. Judson Lewis Cross's *Congregationalist* article on "Ministers as Mayors." Mr. Cross happens to know something of the work of three Congregationalist pastors who first became interested in civic reform, and then were given the chance to run the good-sized cities in which they had preached. And all three, according to this writer, love their jobs and are remarkably efficient in them. These men are W. J. Hindley, George R. Lunn, and George A. Brock, who exercise the chief magistracy in Spokane, Wash., Schenectady, N. Y., and Lockport, N. Y. Mayor Lunn, it is true, was defeated for reelection last week, but only through a combination of the other parties against him; he looks upon the fact that his vote was increased over that of two years ago as an indorsement of his administration. The predominant impression gained by meeting these and hearing them talk enthusiastically of their work, so we read, "was in the case of each that of an unusually strong personality, positive in the belief that churches and ministers should assume the leadership in civic and social reforms, independent and fearless, sensible of the responsibilities and burdens of office, yet optimistic of the future and confident of the religious as well as the social significance of the results obtained."

Mayor Hindley, of Spokane, we read in *The Congregationalist*, is a Canadian by birth, and was for seven years pastor of the Pilgrim Church in that Western city. He became an active worker for reform, was largely instrumental in bringing the city's present park system into existence, and was one of the leaders in the movement for a commission form of government. Upon the adoption of the commission plan he consented to run for a commissionership. Except for one man whose experience as city official gave him a place without contest, Mr. Hindley received the largest vote. He was chosen chairman of the commission, and is "virtually mayor, presiding at the sessions and acting as the head of the Department of Public Affairs." Here is what Mr. Cross has to say of his work in office:

"Mr. Hindley's term does not expire until December 31, 1915, but already in his eighteen months of office-holding he has achieved fine results along the lines of reform and efficiency advocated in the pulpit. The so-called 'Contractors' Ring' has been broken up with a consequent saving in the cost of public improvements of over 40 per cent. of the cost under the old system. A reduction in the tax levy for the coming year of $90,000 has been made possible in spite of an increase of $250,000 in the budget for expenditures voted by the people or contracted by the previous administration. Efficiency and merit have displaced favoritism and political debt-paying as grounds for civic preferment.

"By a strong enforcement of existing laws forty saloons have been forced out of business, and vice has been driven to cover, so that it can be said that there is no commercialized vice in the city. As the mayor himself put it, 'There is not a street or alley in the city where you can go with a ten-year-old girl and see anything, other than perhaps a drunken man, that will call for an explanation from your lips or cause a blush upon her cheeks.' While there have been some attempts to recall the mayor, these have never reached serious proportions.

"Interviews with business and professional men of Spokane brought forth, for the most part, expressions of hearty praise for the administration and a unanimous indorsement of the commission plan—a good testimony to the seriousness and efficiency with which Mayor Hindley has tackled his job as mayor of this progressive Western city of 110,000 inhabitants, a job with which he declares he is very much in love, tho he hopes eventually to resume the work of the ministry."

The second member of this trio, Mayor Lunn, of Schenectady, needs no introduction to LITERARY DIGEST readers. Mr. Cross calls him "the mayor that made Schenectady famous." His election as Schenectady's first Socialist mayor, after years as a Reformed, then as a Congregationalist, minister is remembered by all. Despite the partizanship of the opposition press and the prejudices entertained by many conservative church members against anything having "the stigma of Socialism," the evidence, as the writer sees it, shows that Mayor Lunn—

"has steadily gained ground and won the confidence of many who do not agree with him politically, but who believe in him personally, and who are willing to admit that he has given to the city its best administration for many years. To quote the expression of one prominent man of a different political faith, 'Lunn's administration has been a godsend to Schenectady.'

"With a passionate devotion to the cause of the people, an unusual power as a public speaker, and with a grasp of civic affairs and political methods which few experienced political leaders could rival, Dr. Lunn has thrown himself unsparingly into his task of administering the affairs of a city of ninety thousand and has proven himself equal to it, and more than a match for his political opponents.

"Large public improvements, long dreamed of but never realized, including the planning and starting of a comprehensive park system, the expansion of the educational equipment, and the installation of modern sewerage and garbage-disposal plants, have been put through with an economy and honesty that have saved the city thousands of dollars and incidentally destroyed the control of certain contracting interests. All gambling-houses have been closed where convictions could be obtained; Sunday-closing laws have been enforced against all alike, and prostitution suppressed as far as conditions would permit, one notorious and long-tolerated character being driven from the city. Serious criticism and protests on the part of the clergy and church people have been aroused by the liberal policy toward Sunday amusements and moving-picture shows, tho the same element has failed to recognize, for the most part, the fact that, according to the testimony of the State Law and Order League, vice conditions are the best in the recent history of the city and of any city in the State. . . . . .

"In answer to the question, How do you like your job? Dr. Lunn replied, as his face sobered: 'I love it, but only as I can realize that I am actually doing something for social uplift, only as I can feel that it is the expression of my religion and that by it I am helping the Kingdom. Otherwise the strain, the constant struggle and bickering are not worth while.'"

The third, "and perhaps most modest of our ministers who have become mayors," continues Mr. Cross, is Mayor George A. Brock, of Lockport, N. Y. Tho less conspicuous than the others, his work as the head of a city is, we are told, "none the less real, and the more unique because it has been combined successfully with regular parochial duties." To proceed:

"Mr. Brock is pastor of the East Avenue Congregational Church of Lockport. After being defeated in his first campaign on the issue of commission government, he was finally elected on a non-partizan ticket, backed largely by the support of the church element. Tho seriously handicapped by lack of harmony in the city council, much has been accomplished in the way of reform, especially in the enforcement of all laws against vice, and so bitter has been the opposition that in some cases it has taken the form of threats of personal violence against the mayor, but this has not worried him.

"Any one who has met this big mayor and heard him tell of his experiences in dealing with grafters and representatives of the saloon interests would never envy the unfortunate individual who felt moved to seek from him political favor. Mr.

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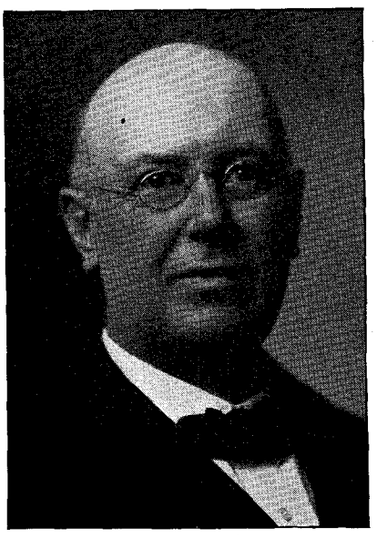
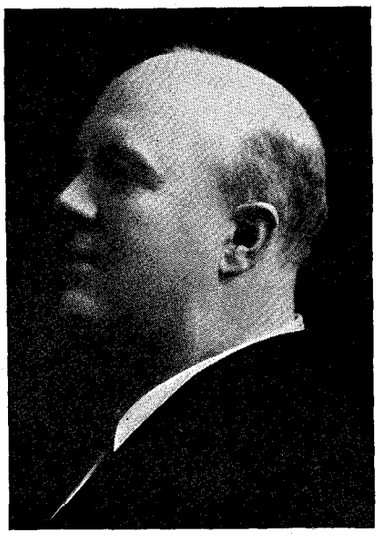


Courtesy of "The Congregationalist," Boston.

GEORGE A. BROCK.

GEORGE R. LUNN.



W. J. HINDLEY.

MINISTERS WHO ARE ALSO MAYORS

And who believe churches and ministers should assume an independent and fearless leadership in civic and social reforms.

Brock's entrance into political office was simply the acceptance of obligations which came upon him as the result of his sincere insistence upon the need of non-partizanship in municipal government and the responsibility of Christian citizenship."

CAPITALISM AND THE JEWISH RELIGION

THE ENORMOUS INFLUENCE of the religion of the Jewish people on their economic activities, if it did not actually produce the Jewish capacity for capitalism, has undeniably enhanced it, says Werner Sombart in his recently translated book, "The Jews and Modern Capitalism," and he proceeds to devote a whole chapter to this peculiar significance of their religion. What is more, he cites a colleague, Max Weber, as having demonstrated the connection between Puritanism and Capitalism, in order to provide additional argument that the religion of a people does deeply affect its economic life. Judaism, Sombart finds, however, makes the deepest mark of this character, because "among no other civilized people has religion so impregnated all national life."

With the Jew, we are reminded, religion is not merely a matter of Sundays and holy days. It is with him all days of the year and all hours of every day. He is guided by it in every move he makes, asking himself always: "Will this tend to the glory of God or will it profane his name?" Jewish law does not merely formulate "a metaphysical conception," but lays down rules of conduct whether as between man and man or between man and nature. In this connection Sombart points out that Jewish law "is as much a part of the religious system as are Jewish ethics." In truth there are no special ethics of Judaism, because the law is from God, and "moral law and divine ordinances are inseparable." Moreover, he tells us, no other people have been so careful as the Jews to insure the teaching of their religion, on which point he quotes from Josephus: "Ask the first Jew you meet concerning his 'laws' and he will be able to tell you them better even than his own name." Between their religion and capitalism Sombart draws a parallel. As for their religion:

"In all its reasoning it appeals to us as a creation of the intellect, a thing of thought and purpose projected into the world of organisms, mechanically and artfully wrought, destined to destroy and to conquer nature's realm and to reign itself instead. Just so does capitalism appear on the scene; like the Jewish religion, an alien element in the midst of the natural, created world; like it, too, something schemed and planned in the midst of teeming life. This sheaf of salient features is bound together in one word, Rationalism. Rationalism is the characteristic trait of Judaism as of capitalism; rationalism or intellectualism—both deadly foes alike to irresponsible mysticism and to that creative power which draws its artistic inspiration from the passion world of the senses."

Following this line, Sombart calls attention to the fact that the Jewish religion knows no mysteries, and is "perhaps the only religion on the face of the globe that does not know them." Unknown to it is the ecstasy that permits the worshiper "to feel himself at one with the Godhead, the condition which all other religions extol as the highest and holiest." Whether these fantastic, mystical elements are met with in the religion of the Hindus, Persians, Greeks, Romans, or Christians, Judaism with proud disdain condemns them all. While the faithful of other races "hold converse with God in blissful convulsions," we are informed, the Jews in the synagog, which significantly is called a *Shool*, that is *school*, are listening to a public reading of the Torah. Continuing, Sombart says:

"The kinship between Judaism and Capitalism is further illustrated by the legally regulated relationship—I had almost said the business connection, except that the term has a disagreeable connotation—between God and Israel. The whole religious system is in reality nothing but a contract between Jehovah and his chosen people, a contract with all its consequences and all its duties. God promises something and gives something, and the righteous must give him something in return. Indeed, there was no community of interest between God and man which could not be exprest in these terms—that man performs some duty enjoined by the Torah and receives from God a *quid pro quo*. Accordingly no man should approach God in prayer without bringing with him something of his own or of his ancestors by way of return for what he is about to ask.

"The contract usually sets forth that man is rewarded for duties performed and punished for duties neglected; the rewards and punishments being received partly in this world and partly in the next world. Two consequences must of necessity follow: first, a constant weighing up of the loss and gain which any action needs must bring, and secondly, a complicated system of bookkeeping, as it were, for each individual person."

It is evident, Sombart goes on to state, that since Judaism rests upon a contract between God and his people, each party to the agreement must have definite responsibilities; and he points out how the Jew that lives up to his pledges assures himself material profit as well as spiritual. As he puts it:

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"I really believe that the rationalization of life, and especially of the sexual life, which the Jewish religion effects, can not be too highly estimated for its influence on economic activities. If religion is at all to be accounted a factor in Jewish economic life, then certainly the rationalization of conduct is its best expression. . . . Sobriety, moderation, and piety are surely qualities which stand the business man in good stead."

Yet what Sombart describes as "the morality of the small shopkeeper," good as it may be, can have but little to do with capitalism except as the qualities of the class might serve as a basis on which capitalism could be built up. The first cause which made the Jews "pioneers of capitalism," he finds, is their cultivation of family life, which he attributes to the efforts of the Rabbis, aided by the vicissitudes of the Jewish people. The sexual restraint implied, he adds, resulted in enormous funds of energy being turned in a better direction; and he concludes:

"The effect of the rationalization of the whole of life on the physical and intellectual powers of the Jew must still be gone into by scientists; at present we have only beginnings of such studies. . . . The rationalization of life accustomed the Jew to a mode of living contrary to (or side by side with) nature, and therefore also to an economic system like the capitalistic, which is likewise contrary to (or side by side with) nature. What in reality is the idea of making profit, what is economic rationalism, but the application to economic activities of the rules by which the Jewish religion shaped Jewish life? Before capitalism could develop the natural man had to be changed out of all recognition, and a rationalistically minded mechanism introduced in his stead. There had to be a transvaluation of all economic values. And what was the result? The *homo capitalisticus*, who is closely related to the *homo Judæus*, both belonging to the same species, *homines rationalistici artificiales*.

"And so the rationalization of Jewish life by the Jewish religion, if it did not actually produce the Jewish capacity for capitalism, certainly increased and heightened it. One of the causes to which the Jew owed his economic progress was . . . the fact that Israel was for generations a stranger and an alien. If we seek to account for this aloofness we shall find its roots in the ordinances of the Jewish religion, shall find that this religion always maintained and broadened the line of separation. As Leroy-Beaulieu, who has studied this aspect of Jewish history with great success, has so well said, '*La loi leir donnait l'esprit de clan.*' The very fact that they had their Law forced the Jews to live apart from the Gentiles. For if they desired to observe the Law, they needs must keep to themselves. The Jews created the Ghetto, which from the non-Jewish point of view was a concession and a privilege, and not the result of enmity."

TOO MANY SPECIAL SUNDAYS—The proposal that some Sunday be designated as "Fathers' Day" and observed by the Churches "with appropriate services and special sermons," calls forth a serious protest from *The Christian Intelligencer* (New York) that we now have too many "special Sundays." The Church, this weekly declares, "has long enough been laden with man-made topics and causes." With this *The Episcopal Recorder* (Ref. Epis., Philadelphia) is in hearty agreement, and desires to emphasize the fact that "Sunday is the day appointed by God for our special growth in grace and in the knowledge of our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ." There are already "sixteen Sundays devoted to the consideration of special occasions and topics," according to *The Christian Intelligencer*. And it goes on to enumerate them:

"January 4, New Year's Sunday; January 25, Child-Labor Sunday; February 8, Lincoln's Sunday; February 22, Washington's Sunday; April 12, Easter Sunday; April 19, Sabbath Observance Day; May 10, Mothers' Sunday; May 17, Peace Sunday; May 24 or 31, Memorial Sunday; June 14, Children's Sunday; June 28, Independence Day Sunday; September 6, Labor Sunday; October 25, Prison Sunday; November 22, Thanksgiving Sunday; November 29 to December 6, Tuberculosis Day; December 20, Christmas Sunday."

And when the editor examines "this rather formidable list," he finds that "only five of the sixteen can be considered as in any true sense connected with direct spiritual development or culture."

"These are the Church days of New Year's, Easter, and Christmas, Thanksgiving Sunday, which is really needless as a separate day if the officially designated National Thanksgiving Day is properly observed with religious services, and Children's Day, which, tho universally sanctioned by neither ecclesiastical nor civil authority, is of undoubted religious value in emphasizing the responsibility and privilege of the Church in reference to the spiritual care of her children and youth. Of the other special Sundays, Memorial Sunday and Independence Sunday have something of a spiritual culture in their bearing upon the civic rights and duties of the Christian."

DR. SHELDON'S "CONFESSIONAL"

THE SUGGESTION of a Protestant confessional, made last summer by one of the leaders of Protestant thought, led some to the hasty conclusion that he advocated the Protestant adoption of the Catholic institution. In our issue of August 16 appeared an article on this proposal of the Rev. Charles M. Sheldon, of Topeka, Kansas, who uttered his views before the Christian Endeavor Convention at Los Angeles, and while we stated the matter clearly, other newspapers and individuals in various quarters, he feels, have given distorted views of what he proposed. Mr. Sheldon finds no fault with the representation accorded him in our columns, but we give him the opportunity of making a further statement in order that he may be clearly apprehended by all concerned. He writes:

"In the first place, I do not believe that because the Roman Catholic Church has a confessional which stands for certain things no Protestant can accept, therefore the Protestants can not make use of a fundamental need in human nature which craves help and a sharing of its burdens.

"In the second place, I do believe in the right and privilege of the Protestant minister to stand in such a relation to his people that they will turn to him as the confidant of their troubles and make him the counsellor of their problems.

"There is nothing 'Roman Catholic' about this—it is simply human nature, which is not a monopoly of any Church. I object, in my ministry, to the idea that the Protestant is 'imitating' the Catholic when he uses a universal human principle.

"My meaning of the term 'Protestant confessional' may be summed up as follows:

"1. The Protestant minister should be in the closest possible relations to all the people in his parish as a spiritual and practical adviser and friend. If he is not able to win the perfect confidence and respect of his people so that they will naturally regard him as their best friend in spiritual matters and in general counsel, then no 'confessional' is possible.

"2. If such relations are established, the minister will find that it is a help to definite usefulness to have a stated time during the week when his people can come to him with their problems. Sunday afternoon is a good time for such counsel. I have found it so in my own practise for many years.

"3. There are many problems in the lives of men and women that they can not and will not discuss with their own relatives or friends. If it is an established custom to take such problems to the minister, it will be accepted with a great feeling of relief and gratitude.

"4. The number of such troubles and the kind are limited only by the number of people who come to the minister for help.

"5. In all this there is not the remotest similarity to the Roman Catholic confessional as that is actually practised. The last thing in the world that the Protestant minister wants is a 'copy' of the Roman Catholic confessional. What he does want and ought to have is a personal relation to his people of such a character that he will come to be with them the one person in all the parish who can help them solve their earthly troubles and help bring them close to God. In all this there is not the remotest hint of 'absolution for sin' or 'pardon for sin' or 'indulgence.' Of course it goes without saying that the practise of such a 'confessional' as outlined here means heroic qualities in the ministry and an enlargement of the definition of 'parish work.'"

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

FUTURE RAILWAY FINANCING IN MARKETS "WATERLOGGED WITH BONDS"

By James J. Hill *

Author of "Highways of Progress," and familiarly known as "The Empire Builder of the Northwest."

LESS than a year's subsistence stands between man and starvation. That is the measure of his accumulations. Six and a half bushels of wheat per capita is a low estimate for consumption and seed. The 97,000,000 people living, according to the census estimate, in the United States in 1913 would require 630,500,000 bushels to keep their stomachs and fields in condition for a year. That is a little less than the crop of 1911 and a little more than the crop of 1912. Subtract our total exports of domestic wheat and flour for the last three years from our total wheat production, and the average surplus retained for home consumption is less than 600,000,000 bushels per annum.

What is true of our bread supply is more than true of most other necessaries that we consume and produce. We could live for a few months only on our savings. Immense as seems the total of accumulated wealth, most of it is not available for consumption. Even the income from it must be transformed into things to eat and drink and wear, and tools to work with; into capital for future production, without which not only the machinery of industry, but the human machine itself, would presently cease to operate, and a dead world remain the monument of defeat in that economic battle which man has waged with nature from the beginning.

The principal asset of the world, aside from the land, is its plant; in the form of buildings, machinery, transportation agencies, apparatus of all kinds in which capital has been fixt to enable the work of production to go on in increased volume and with added economy. To this every man who earns more than he spends contributes. Into this tremendous reservoir the surplus efforts of the ages have poured contributions from the hundreds of millions of men who, by planning, directing, and working, add to the margin of profitable production all over the world. Credit enables them to do this. They acquire a participating interest in a host of enterprises through loans represented by shares of stock, bonds, notes, or other instruments of credit. This relation of operating efficiency on the one side and credit support by capital on the other, in its extent, artfulness, and practical working success, is the principal advantage of modern over ancient civilization. There is less difference between the forked tree drawn by cattle and the improved steam-plow than there is between labor in the isolation of distrust and labor in the universal cooperation which credit facilitates and encourages. No wonder that credit has been called the most wonderful invention and the greatest wealth-producer devised by man.

Investment securities are mostly stocks and bonds. The former entitle the holder to a proportionate voice in the management of the concern, and to a share in the profits or a responsibility for the losses. The place of the share of stock has changed little. The bond has been subject to alteration and dilution. With a great increase in total volume has come a depreciation of many of them in both reputation and quality.

It happened, perhaps inevitably, because of the increase of capital for investment, the increase of vision and of daring among borrowers, and the assured reputation of the bond, that its standing was slowly sapped. The repudiation of debts by some American States gave public credit a heavy blow. Panics and reorganizations compelled a closer scrutiny of corporate securities. But the main cause of such deterioration as the bond has suffered is the putting out under that name of a great volume of paper promises which are not entitled to the name. And this is partly the effect of the excessive borrowing and spending of our day, and partly that of an expansion of industrial effort and an inflation of the capital of industrial enterprises which have often raised the total of bond issues, heretofore representing the value of the property under the hammer, to approximately the figure that would once have covered stock and bonds combined. In fact, the stock of more than one pretentious concern would have nothing behind it if the bondholders had to be paid off. Nor could the latter themselves hope to receive dollar for dollar on a forced sale.

Criticism, or even a proper understanding of the situation, calls for discrimination between the classes into which bonds are divided. First are those of public bodies; the Government, States, counties, cities, and sometimes villages. Here a frightful inflation is going on. An old-fashioned public aversion to debt still holds the nation and, to some extent, the States in check; tho many of the latter evade it by marketing certificates of indebtedness which differ from bonds only in the shorter time they have to run and the inferior weight of the sanction behind them. The total national debts of Europe rose from about eight billion dollars in the period 1845–48 to nearly thirty billion dollars in 1905–07. With the exception of a slight rise in 1899, made good the following year, the total debt of the United States, less cash in treasury, was greater on the first of last May than it had been for twenty-five years. In a study of credit made some time ago, I showed that the net ordinary expenses of the United States Government had increased 1.4 per cent. between 1870 and 1890, and 121.4 per cent, between 1890 and 1908; while between 1890 and 1909 the expenditures of the thirty States from which reliable reports could be obtained had increased 201.6 per cent.

Most of our cities are mad spenders, intent only on securing an increased margin for bond issues by raising the assessed valuation. Not a few of them are meeting part of their current expenditures by issuing bonds; while refunding, instead of levying taxes to pay at maturity, has become the almost invariable rule. Several large cities whose credit has always stood high have offered bonds within the last few months without finding takers, even at an increased interest rate. This collapse of the market is due not only to a relative scarcity of investment capital at the time, but also to an underlying consciousness on the part of the public that the danger-line has been reached.

In the five years between 1907 and 1912 the sales of municipal bonds in the United States nearly doubled. According to a summary made this year by the *Commercial and Financial Chronicle*, the average sales for the period immediately preceding 1904 were about $150,000,000 a year. In 1911 they were $396,859,000, and in the dull year 1912 they were $386,551,000. This is an enormous increase for the market to digest. But it is far from telling the whole story. This amount represents only our own actual municipal-bond sales within the territorial limits of the United States. New York has now become a financial center to which outside customers resort for purchasers. Adding to the domestic municipal-bond sales the temporary loans and sales on account of Canada, Hawaii, Porto Rico, and other borrowers in our market, the grand total for the year amounts to nearly $781,000,000. The figure speaks for itself.

It is fairly certain that our market can not absorb such a flood without a perceptible increase in the interest rate and some financial derangement in the conduct of ordinary business. Thus the unchecked rage for borrowing affects not only those who sell securities, making it more difficult to place bonds, but also general business operations, by lessening the supply of available free capital and increasing the price at which it can be had. If the true story of all municipal indebtedness, now concealed behind various temporary makeshifts, so as to maintain an ostensible credit and help push out the annual crop of new or refunding bonds, could be told, it would shock the country and give pause even to the advocates of unlimited expenditure for public purposes.

The situation with regard to bonds generally spoken of as "industrials" is worse. The field is so large and so diverse as to defy statistical tabulation. Hundreds of millions of bonds have been issued to promote consolidations, these securities being part of the purchase price of the smaller concerns to be united in one big corporation. Other hundreds of millions have been issued against property still to be developed, such as mines, timber lands, irrigated lands, and even ordinary real estate, where many separate holdings are combined in the hands of an active selling or developing concern. These are

(*Continued on page* 970)

* Passages from an address by Mr. Hill at the recent meeting of the Investment Bankers' Association in Chicago. From an advance copy furnished to The Literary Digest by Mr. Hill.

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ROMANCE IN OUR OWN COUNTRY

Schauffler, Robert Haven. Romantic America. Large 8vo, pp. 339. New York: The Century Company. $5 net.

There are two objects in leaving home for strange scenes and cities. The first is that of meeting grand or beautiful scenery, scaling majestic mountains, or visiting great waterfalls. Many people leave their homes and cross deserts or sail along shores whose frowning cliffs are almost uninhabited, or uninhabitable, merely for the sake of enjoying new impressions. We are not speaking of scientific travelers like Alexander von Humboldt, who took the whole external world or the fields of his explorations; or like Dahl, who discovered the dahlia in Mexico; or Zinn, who introduced into Europe the zinnia from the same country. We refer to pleasure-seekers.

Now, besides those who hunt after the picturesque there are others who do not care so much for scenery as for associations. A building, an old castle, a Roman camp or amphitheater, a cathedral, or a palace each or all are examined with delight, and their history and the traditions that cling to them dwelt upon or call up the pageantry of the past. Singular to say, America to intelligent travelers combines in a great degree both these attractions.

The author of this volume, who wrote "Romantic Germany," proves to the satisfaction of the reader that American scenery is the grandest in the world and its historic places are all the more interesting because they are not so far removed from us as the monoliths of Stonehenge, the pyramids of Egypt, or the hall of William Rufus. Mr. Schauffler has done justice to his theme and takes his reader from the romance of New England to the romance of the Colorado cañon and Yellowstone Park. The colored illustrations are vivid and faithful and the half-tones well drawn and well printed. This book will teach many restless globe-trotters that they had better stay at home and study what a world of beauty and historic association is lying unnoticed at their very door.

BOOKS ABOUT WOMEN

Mozans, H. J. Women in Science. Pp. 417. New York and London: D. Appleton & Co. $2.50 net.

Dr. Mozans has sought to become a sympathetic historian of women of intellectual eminence—women who have achieved something in the domain of the mind. He believes they have received too little credit. First, he outlines "woman's long struggle" for things of the mind, from ancient Greece and Rome, through the Middle Ages, the Renaissance, and even to modern times. Under the magic of his pen, Aspasia, Hypatia, Sappho, Hildegarde, and Vittoria Colonna become living influences conferring glory on their sex. The fact that for ages women were excluded from all opportunities for attaining and exercising knowledge is believed by the author to be the only reason for lack of attainment on woman's part. He cites countless illustrations to show how quickly women responded when they had the opportunity.

Woman's participation in the progress of such sciences as mathematics, astronomy, physics, chemistry, medicine, and surgery are carefully analyzed. We are surprized at the array of famous names associated with wonderful achievements: Maria Agnesi, Caroline Herschel, Mrs. Somerville, Mme. Curie—names of which the public knows all too little in the way of appreciation. The author gives many facts about women inventors. He makes one feel that perhaps the reason why so few women appear on the list of the "great" is that women, as in the case of Mme. Curie, have not been admitted because they are women. All who are interested in the progress and advancement of women will be inspired by this exhaustive treatment by Dr. Mozans. He believes in woman as an inspirer and doer of great deeds and has unlimited faith in her future. He has yielded recognition to every woman who has "achieved distinction since the beginning of the world."

Chesser, Elizabeth Sloan. Woman, Marriage, and Motherhood. Pp. 275. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. $1.50. Postage extra.

The author, a physician and daughter of a physician, has had exceptional opportunities for studying the sources of the wrongs and suffering with which social reform has to deal. She outlines, here, reforms and readjustments which, tho desirable, can be attained only by slow degrees. While the author is English and the subject matter naturally treated from an Englishwoman's standpoint, the illustrations are chosen from all countries. A glowing tribute is paid to the superiority of American prisons and their reforms.

The theme of the book is motherhood and its protection, even the motherhood of the unmarried. We are shown, historically, the development of marriage laws and customs, and the legal position of woman as wife and mother in different countries. Ways and means for bettering her position are carefully considered. The author's discussion of divorce and its connection with present marriage customs is illuminating. Her exposition of the suffering of the "sweated mother" in the home is appalling. Nowhere is she more direct than in her discussion of the social evil, which she describes from every point of view. While we believe that there is no one way to check that evil, we are forced to agree with the author that some of it could be obviated by making possible for woman a living wage. Each one of us is guilty to the extent of our participation in the universal craze for cheap commodities, which make necessary sweatshop wo.k and underpaid employees. This is a book that should be read by every one interested in woman's progress and the world's betterment.

Hartley, C. Gasquoine (Mrs. Walter Gallichan). The Truth About Woman. Pp. 385. New York: Dodd, Mead & Co. $2.50 net.

Just now the world is very much concerned with the problem of woman's restlessness, its sources and probable relief.

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This particular volume by Mrs. Gallichan is a frank and comprehensive statement of conditions as she sees them. With a firmly fixt faith in woman, she gives suggestions for bettering conditions and aiding in woman's progress. She writes: "No one of us can be free, for no one of us stands alone; we are all members one of another, and woman's destiny is rooted in the race. No freedom can be of service to woman unless it is freedom to follow her own nature."

In her plan for establishing woman's claim to freedom, the author divides her book into three parts. In the first and second she proves, biologically and historically, that woman has not been the inferior, dependent being she is so often called, but that her freedom is deep-rooted in the past. In the third she deals with present-day aspects of the woman's problem, "the differences between woman and man, and the relation of the sexes." She traces the origin of sex and its early relationship, describes civilization in different lands through the matriarchal and patriarchal periods, and finally discusses all phases of woman's power and its expression. To the author's mind, woman's lack of expression in the arts is due to lack of training and opportunity, not to inability. "I make the claim that woman, from her constitutional femininity, is a compound of all those qualities that genius demands." The chapters on Marriage, Divorce, and Prostitution are enlightening and thorough, savoring strongly of the ideas of Ellen Key.

Mrs. Gallichan believes that when woman's right of selection is given back to her to exercise without restraint, we shall see more beautiful mating. "We are only awakening to the terrible evils of these powerful economic restraints which now limit woman's range of choice and drive her to revolt." Her conclusions are loyal and enthusiastic: "The manifestations of the present are only the superficial evidence of a deep undercurrent of awakening. Surely from out of the wreckage and passion a new woman will arise."

RECENT NOVELS

Barclay, Florence L. The Broken Halo. Pp. 471. New York and London: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

This author of popular novels must have some very strong opinions in regard to marriage between persons of unequal ages. In "The Postern Gate," her hero is younger than the heroine, and in this new book the discrepancy in ages is almost too great to make the story plausible. Forget that, however, and the reader will be charmed by the tenderness exprest by "Dr. Dick" for the patient who afterward becomes his wife under very tragic, dramatic, and unusual conditions.

When a child of five, Dick had his sensibilities very much injured by the unkind treatment of those whom he had trusted. His religious belief was shattered much as he shattered the halo, the "gold tin-plate" which surrounded the apostle's head in the chapel's stained-glass window, a deed which was the outward manifestation of his inner revolt. When, as a young physician, Dick is able, through singular coincident circumstances, to "get even" with his childhood enemies, he antagonizes some influential characters and nearly loses his mascot, the "Little White

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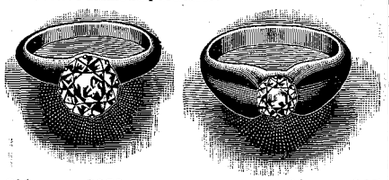

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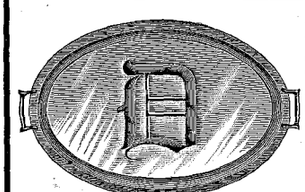

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Lady." Tho he repents later, his character is not wholly admirable when he tries to force his luck, and he certainly plays the "cad" for a time. The scenes between Mrs. Herriot and Dick are very human and appealing, if we do not try to visualize the characters. The "Little White Lady," with her ever-present heart trouble, was more charitable than Dick deserved when she discovered his motive for marriage. We do not question Florence Barclay's power to charm, but she has given us here an almost impossible situation. Its incredibility mars its fascination.

Jackson, Helen Hunt. Ramona. (Tourist's Edition.) Illustrated. Pp. 308. Boston: Little, Brown & Co. $2.

There are few except the very young who have not read "Ramona," the romance which twenty-five years ago thrilled the American reader by its sympathetic exposition of the wrongs of the American Indian. This edition is prepared to satisfy the natural curiosity and interest of the traveler to Southern California, and to help him to identify the places and scenes described. Mr. A. C. Vroman has written a very comprehensive and enlightening introduction, identifying the places mentioned in the novel, explaining all apparent inconsistencies, and making very real the facts which formed the foundation of every part of the story. So many places have been pointed out as "Ramona's house" that an explanation of the confusion was necessary. The twenty-four full-page illustrations make the scenes very real.

Mrs. Jackson was much affected by the failure of the United States to keep the promises made to the Indians. This story grew out of her appreciation of the sufferings inflicted on them. Her descriptions of the Indian villages, the Californian homes, and the conditions of those days are almost perfect. It was a passionate love-story, a purposeful book, and a book unique in its way, as was Mrs. Stowe's "Uncle Tom's Cabin." There is only one "Ramona," and its friends will welcome this beautiful new edition.

Wiggin, Kate Douglas. The Story of Waitstill Baxter. Pp. 273. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company.

Waitstill Baxter and her half-sister, Patty, are delightful creations. We mourn over their hardships and rejoice that they have each other to love and cherish since their father, "Foxy Baxter," became a burden, and a cross almost unbearable. Such a mean, miserly, ill-natured, diabolically calculating, and selfish character is almost unbelievable, but, brought up as these sisters were in the narrow New England atmosphere, there seemed nothing to do but make the best of it. The reader is delighted when, at last, Patty rides away with her lover, and Waitstill, having decided that she has waited long enough, proceeds to give her father a detailed statement of his shortcomings, her reasons for leaving, and her determination to bear his imposition no longer.

Patty's mother, when dying, had entrusted her to her sister Waitstill with these words: "Anyhow, Waitstill, he's your father, after all. He's no blood relation of mine, and I can't stand him another day; that's the reason I'm willing to die"; and we are left to imagine life with a man when death, in contrast, becomes a pleasure. The lives of Ivory Boynton (Waitstill's fond and devoted lover) and his "cousin" Rod, with their eccentric little mother, give Mrs. Wiggin good opportunities for the display of her unusual power for character delineation. There are many quaint and humorous comments on events in the lives of the Baxter girls. The story is not deep, but engrossing and amusing.

Post, Van Zo. Diana Ardway. Pp. 327. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.25 net.

This is an unconventional, incredible love-story that almost indicates "brainstorms" or the hallucination of some fever. The heroine is a young red-haired woman, the "copper cataclysm," impossible in every way, erratic, erotic, and telepathic. There is a grand confusion of plot over a young dramatic author, no end of "actoreens," horses, automobiles, Chinese servants, and there are unheard-of situations. The "copper cataclysm" determines to make the author marry her, and she wins finally after more crazy scenes than are usually found in one book.

Johnston, Mary. Hagar. Pp. 390. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $1.40 net.

Miss Johnston's versatile genius has found still another outlet for expression in "Hagar." This time she has discarded the purely romantic type and the seriously historical, and has woven her story around the "New Woman" and the Feminist revolt. Her serious consideration of all phases of that subject and her favorable criticisms and comments show that she has given the subject careful and sympathetic study. One characteristic of this clever writer is completeness. No detail is too trivial to consider if only it adds to the perfection of the result. She is also just and consistent, traits well illustrated in the present story.

Hagar belonged to a Virginia family, one of the "F. F. V.'s." Any faults she possest were laid to her mother's influence. Her father, possest by "wanderlust," had deserted both wife and child and wandered on the Continent for years. All portions of the book contribute to the building up and understanding of Hagar's character, which was a product of the conventional South. And yet it felt the modern uplift of socialistic ideas, and she was possest by a desire to be some one and to do something—a desire which she fulfilled in spite of the restraining influence of the hidebound social restrictions and her family's disapproval.

Hagar's father finally comes back into her life in a very tragic and dramatic way. It is in his character that the author shows her extreme fairness. Hagar's character finally rounds out to its full proportions after she has tried poverty, wealth, work, and play, and has attained happiness. Unlike many novels, it is not the love interest alone that thralls the reader. Its power grows more and more apparent as the theme develops. Feminism has never had a more human exposition. It is a book notable for sane methods as well as a delightful plot.

Potter, David. The Streak. Pp. 348. Philadelphia and London: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.25 net.

The Philippines make a fertile basis for romance and discussion, and we find here, as usual, that a story has force and attraction when identified with living interests and

(*Continued on page* 957)

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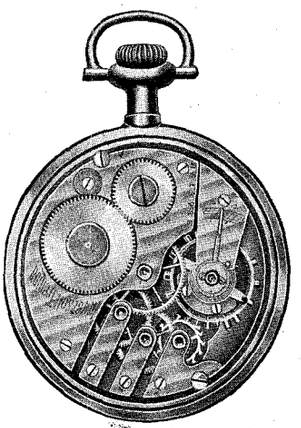
"Trenton Ten"



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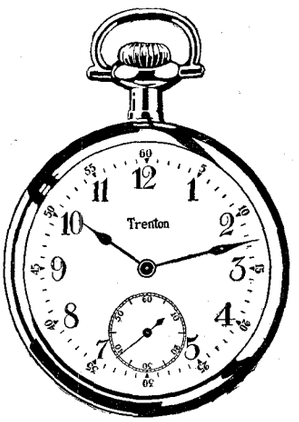

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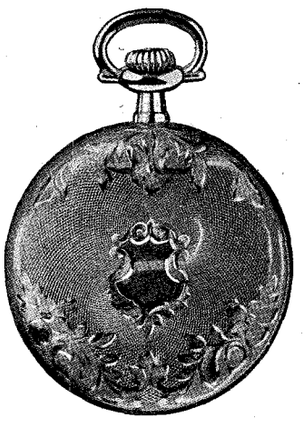

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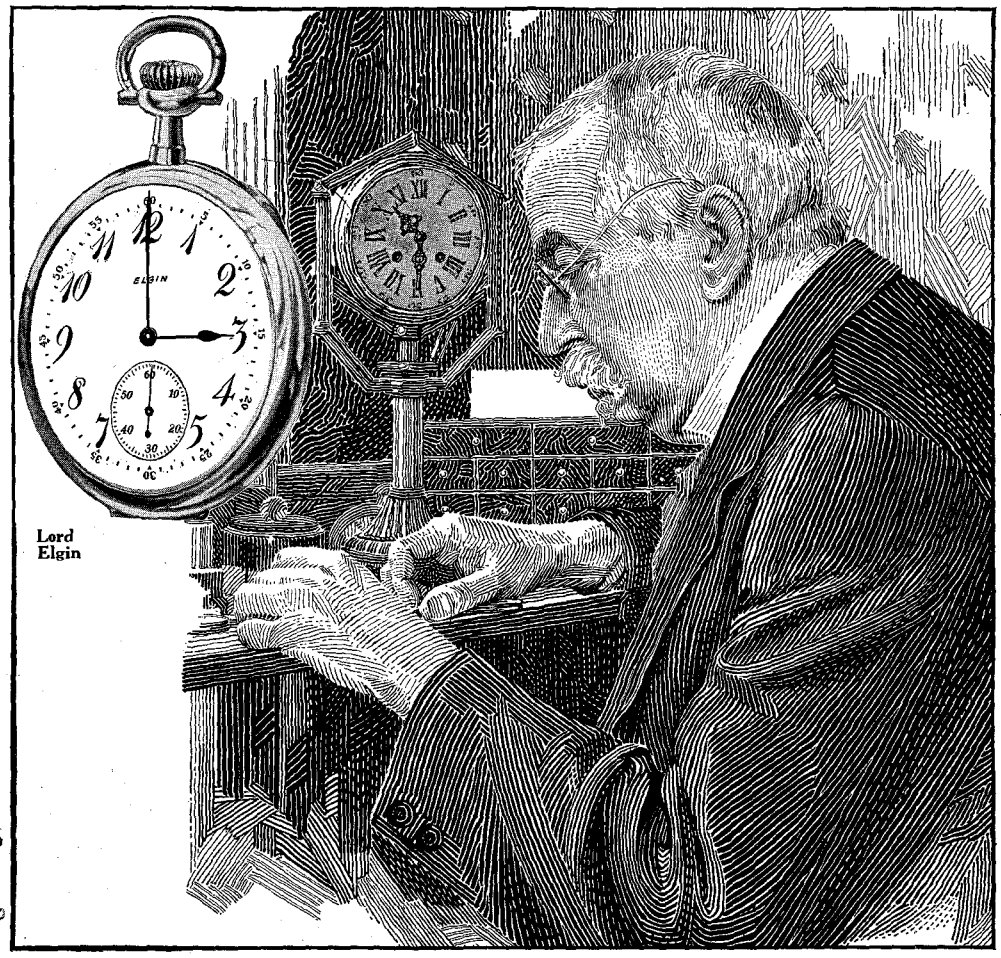

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REVIEWS OF NEW BOOKS

(*Continued from page 954*)

public problems. Everywhere the question is forcing itself into prominence—"Are the Philippines ready for self-government?" While this story is a love-story rather than a political discussion, that question forms the vital issue in the test of the hero and the evidence of the "streak" which develops in him. The local color is very good, but the technic is rather poor. Even when we despise, we pity the race whose instincts and undesirable traits are ineradicable. Love, jealousy, intrigue, and loyalty combine to make this an exciting tale.

MR. EATON'S TRAVEL ESSAY

Eaton, Wallace Prichard. Barn Doors and Byways. Illustrated. Pp. 300. Boston: Small, Maynard & Co. $2.50.

These fourteen essays have appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Magazine*, *Collier's Weekly*, and other publications. They are here beautifully illustrated, bound and boxed, and make an ideal gift book. The two papers chosen to give a title to the book indicate the character of the contents. All the others have attractive titles; as, "The Harbor," "The Landscape That Flows," "Berkshire Winters," and "Night." The author, a man of culture, apparently intimate with the best in art, music, and literature, describes places, recalls boyhood experiences, and draws pictures that stimulate the mind and memories of the reader. There is poetry in his descriptions—not the poetry that soars over the head of the reader, but the exquisite poetry of truth that touches the heart and appeals to the mind.

"The Dismal Swamp" and "Old South County" are historical revelations, full of interesting facts as well as fancy. The power of the author seems to depend mainly on his comprehensive outlook, his ability to see not one bird or one particular tree, but birds and trees in relationship to sky and landscape. His descripions are graphic word-pictures and his fluency of expression is fascinating. Memories, long sleeping, revive, and childhood experiences, ambitions, and affections are alive again, while we read with ever-growing interest these nature-essays of real charm.

BEERBOHM TREE'S BOOK

Tree, Herbert Beerbohm. Thoughts and After-Thoughts. Pp. 308. New York and London: Funk & Wagnalls Company. $1.50. Postage extra.

This volume of personal reflections and conclusions by an eminent gentleman and scholar abounds in satirical humor, epigrammatic philosophy, and sincere and serious consideration of Shakespeare, both for reading and acting. We get an inside point of view which is illuminating and convincing. The first essay is on "Our Betters," but all the time the author makes us realize that "our only Betters are ourselves," and that "to be true to himself is man's best endeavor." One especially clever suggestion is made in the course of this article, *i.e.*, the use of the gramophone for preserving, for future generations, our best and purest English by means of records made by men chosen for that purpose. There would be a much more uniform pronunciation possible if that suggestion could be carried out.

The book is pervaded by an extreme loyalty, admiration, belief in, and love for Shakespeare. The author declares himself very frankly in favor of complete and detailed presentation of the Shakespeare plays, believing in every possible aid to complete illusion. The so-called "adequate treatment" seems, to the author, very inadequate. He proves by quotations from prompt-books that Shakespeare himself wished every device utilized for making a perfect illusion. His chapter on *Hamlet* and his ideas on *Hamlet's* madness, feigned or real, is one of the most lucid and plausible expositions of that play. "The Tempest" and "Henry VIII." are discust at length, and the discussions are both charming and convincing. "When we study Shakespeare to his depths, we find in his works the key to the myriad cells of the human heart."

OTHER BOOKS WORTH WHILE

Morley, Margaret W. The Carolina Mountains. Illustrated. Pp. 387. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Company. $3 net.

No one will read this appreciation of the Carolina mountain region without a longing for personal experience of their allurements. The author first gives us word-pictures of the physical beauties of the country in consecutive seasons, and with a skill which makes it easy to visualize peach-trees in blossom, cotton fields, forests, and mountain tops. There is, also, much solid information—interesting facts about forest preservation, ornithology, early settlers, the peculiarities of the people and the far-reaching and ennobling influence of the Biltmore estate and industries on the native mountaineer. No possible beauty of the Blue Ridge or Smoky Mountains is omitted. We find the narrative as engrossing as a romance, enlivened, as it is, by entertaining gossip of places and people, and always with a background of historical fact and poetic truth. Aside from the subject-matter, interesting in itself and well told, the book is beautifully illustrated, attractively bound, and prepared in regular gift-book style.

Domville-Fife, Charles W. Submarine Engineering of To-Day. Crown 8vo, pp. 324. Philadelphia: J. B. Lippincott Company. $1.50 net.

There is always an element of interest in a book on an occupation that involves danger to the men that engage in it, and submarine engineering is certainly not one of the safest callings. This book, written in popular vein by an English submarine engineer, describes the various methods employed in avoiding and overcoming the dangers of drowning or of being crusht by the weight of water while working at various depths. Interesting illustrations and diagrams are scattered throughout the book showing the apparatus employed in harbor, salvage, and submarine work and in planting and destroying mines. An escape-dress is described and illustrated for use in case of accident under water in a submarine; this dress will no doubt be of service, provided sufficient time is gained to don it, but the minutes are terribly short when an accident happens. While mainly concerned with operations in and around the British Isles, Americans will be interested in the appendices, of which there are two, giving the logs of submersions of the United States submarines *Holland* and *Octopus*. An index at the end of the book facilitates reference.

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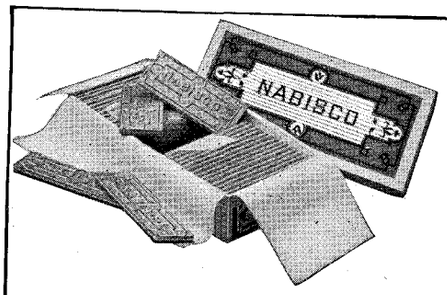

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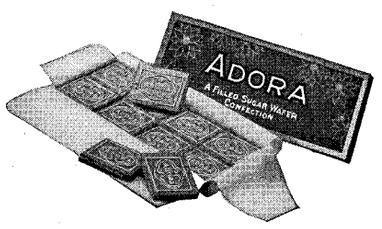

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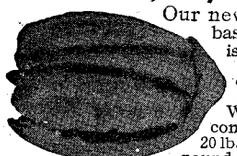

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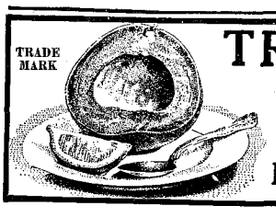

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CURRENT POETRY

NEVER yet, in the history of the world, has the announcement of a prize-award been received with general satisfaction. So the news that the guarantors of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, have given first prize ($250) to Mr. William Butler Yeats for his "The Grey Rock," and second prize ($100) to Mr. Nicholas Vachell Lindsay for his "General William Booth Enters Heaven," will not satisfy every reader of that excellent magazine. But of the poems printed during *Poetry's* first year, it would be difficult to select two superior to these in beauty, imagination, and sustained strength. There may be those who will think that the decision should be reversed—that Mr. Lindsay's poem should receive first prize. We have already reprinted "General William Booth Enters Heaven"; we give below a part of "The Grey Rock." We regret that its length prevents its quotation entire:

The Grey Rock

BY WILLIAM BUTLER YEATS

When cups went round at close of day—
Is not that how good stories run?—
Somewhere within some hollow hill,
If books speak truth, in Slievenamon—
But let that be—the gods were still
And sleepy having had their meal:
And smoky torches made a glare
On painted pillars, on a deal
Of old stringed instruments, hung there
By the ancient holy hands that brought them
from murmuring Murias; on cups—
Old Goban hammered them and wrought them,
And put his pattern round their tops
To hold the wine they buy of him.
But from the juice that made them wise
All those had lifted up the dim
Imaginations of their eyes;
For one that was like woman made
Before their sleepy eyelids ran,
And trembling with her passion said:
"Come out and dig for a dead man,
Who's burrowing somewhere in the ground;
And mock him to his face, and then
Hollo him on with horse and hound,
For he is the worst of all dead men."
"The Danish troop was driven put
Between the dawn and dusk," she said:
"Altho the event was long in doubt,
Altho the King of Ireland's dead
And half his kings, before sundown
All was accomplished.

"When this day
Murrough, the King of Ireland's son,
Foot after foot was giving way,
He and his best troops back to back
Had perished there, but the Danes ran
Stricken with panic from the attack,
The shouting of an unseen man;
And, being thankful, Murrough found,
Led by a foot-sole dipped in blood
That had made prints upon the ground,
Where by old thorn trees that man stood;
And tho when he gazed here and there
He had but gazed on thorn trees, spoke:
'Who is the friend that seems but air
And yet could give so fine a stroke?'
Thereon a young man met his eye
Who said, 'Because she held me in
Her love and would not have me die,
Rock-nurtured Aoife took a pin
And pushing it into my shirt
Promised that for a pin's sake
No man should see to do me hurt;
But there it's gone; I will not take

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The fortune that had been my shame,
Seeing, King's son, what wounds you have.'
'Twas roundly spoke, but when night came
He had betrayed me to his grave,
For he and the King's son were dead.
I'd promised him two hundred years,
And when, for all I'd done or said—
And these immortal eyes shed tears—
He claimed his country's need was most.
I'd saved his life, yet for the sake
Of a new friend he has turned a ghost.
What does he care if my heart break?
I call for spade and horse and hound
That we may harry him." Thereon
She cast herself upon the ground
And rent her clothes and made her moan:
"Why are they faithless when their might
Is from the holy shades that rove
The grey rock and the windy light?
Why should the faithfulest heart most love
The bitter sweetness of false faces?
Why must the lasting love what passes?
Why are the gods by men betrayed!"
But thereon every god stood up
With a slow smile and without sound,
And, stretching forth his arm and cup
To where she moaned upon the ground,
Suddenly drenched her to the skin;
And she with Goban's wine adrip,
No more remembering what had been,
Stared at the gods with laughing lip.

The habitual use of "did," "dost," and "doth" is a fault which seriously mars the work of many poets. The fourth and fifth lines of the following are amateurish, but as a whole the poem is exquisite. We take it from the London *Academy:*

The Verse Reading

BY MAX BLOWMAN

Thy voice I hear. Not warbling birds at break
  Of joyous day, nor vesper-singing thrush,
  Can give the grateful sense so deep a hush
As fell when thou my hearing's thirst didst slake
With those soft tones memory doth reawake;
  Not distant bells, nor laughing waters' rush
  Down pebbled beds to osiered pastures lush,
Like lulling harmonies could ever make.

I see thee still: the dark and queenly head:
  The little hand half-closed upon my knee.
I hear thee still: but when the sound is fled
  Not beggared of its beauty shall I be;
For, in thy voice, music and love did wed,
  Whereof is heavenly rapture born to me.

Here is a cynical little poem which appeared in *The Independent*. We can not guarantee Mr. Wattles's psychology, but his ability to write musical and attractive verse is indisputable.

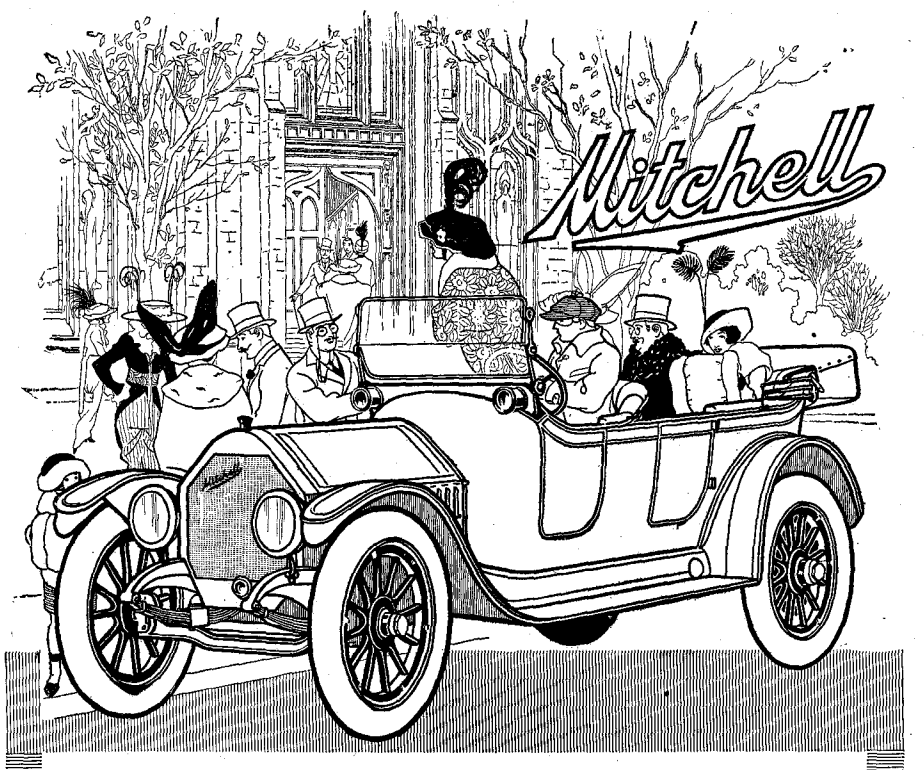
The Last Fortress

BY WILLIAM A. WATTLES

So you have come a-courting, boy, with bonnet in
  your hand
And all the little juggler tricks that women under-
  stand;
You swear your love is true, lad, and bend your
  knee so low;
And tho I will not have you, sir, I can not say you
  no.

Go off and win your spurs, boy, and then come
  back to me;
I'll never take a lady's page to tend the hearth with
  me.
Now, don't go to whimpering, but set your teeth
  and win;
And when you come a-knocking next, mayhap I'll
  let you in.

(*Continued on page* 961)



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CURRENT POETRY

(*Continued from page 959*)

I love a flashing rapier that glances in the sun,
A bronzed and battle-sabered cheek that tells of ramparts won,
A coal-black stallion's ringing feet and straining nostrils wide,
And strength to swing a battle-ax as fast and far we ride.

There is no lady in the land, tho fair and proud she be,
Who would be flattered by a boy, for all his courtesy;
But if a knight-at-arms should come with sheltering blade and shield,
There is no lady would not rise and feel her proud to yield.

There is no lady rich and grand who would not leave her bower
To share with love a soldier's cloak and midnight's darkest hour;
So when you come from conquering, perhaps I may adore you
Unless a fairer, bolder lad should win my heart before you.

It is good to find a poet defending romance—defending, indeed, romanticism. So many of our younger writers of verse have been led into the sordid by-streets of realism recently that Mr. Fox's spirited lines come as a pleasant surprize. In the third and fourth stanzas and in the concluding stanza, he rises to a high level. The introduction of the names of Greatorex and the other heroes and heroines is skilfully maneuvered. We take it from *The Colonnade:*

To H. B. Marriott Watson

BY PAUL HERVEY FOX

You gallop down the brave highway
Between the hedges' even rows.
The moon peers forth; the glare of day
Gives place to night; a cool breeze blows.

The shadows in a trembling mesh,
The rich wine of the twilight air,
Bring peace upon your throbbing flesh,
And solace to your soul's gray care.

Is this the mold your spirit takes?
For so I glimpse it, first and last,
A gallant dreamer who awakes
As painter of a crimson past!

Ah, singer of the days that were!
Ah, poet of the prose romance!
You little know what hearts you stir,
When, with your pen, a good knight's lance,

You battle as the splendid foe
Of tawdry things. And when your art
Breathes life into dead years, then, lo,
You rise to play a master's part!

You labor with a loving hand,
To fashion in that fine, free way;
You needs must wander in the land
Of style to say the things you say.

Does Greatorex within your breast
Still guard a secret treasure-trove?
Does bold Dick Ryder out in quest
Of 'ventures in the night still rove?

Does urbane Hood with quiet eyes
Regard you luminously, while
Gaunt Sercombe toys with airy lies?
Is lithe-limbed Chloris on her isle?

What matter whom you choose to take
As puppet of your joyous play?
Tobyman, rogue, and gentleman rake
Alike have caught the fire of May!

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

THE PARCHED GOLD FIELDS OF AUSTRALIA

THE gold fields country of West Australia, of which the famous Golden Mile is the source of life, is in summer a red desert place where the sun almost blisters and the temperature is 120 degrees in the shade, yet there are hundreds of men, many of them so old and feeble that they can hardly walk, who, year in and year out, use their lungs as bellows to separate the dry sand from the scattering little specks of gold left by the miners who reaped the first harvest. Some of the luckless miners subsist almost upon hope alone. Practically all the "pay dirt" is now owned and mined by large corporations, as is the case in the Cripple Creek district of Colorado and in the Klondike. Conditions are settled, but the region is a wonderfully interesting place, if we are to take Norman Duncan's word for it. Mr. Duncan, writing in *Harper's Magazine*, not only describes the place, but tells an absorbing human story, of which we quote a part. All gold-mining is a human story, because hardly anything in history except the Crusades equals in dramatic interest a great stampede for gold. No modern army of conquest ever advanced as desperately as a horde of gold-seekers toward their goal. We begin by quoting Mr. Duncan's description of a journey to the mining country:

Late of a January afternoon, quivering midsummer, a day lying white in the naked heat—the thermometer declaring a temperature of one hundred and ten in the shade at sea-level, as tho it were quite used to the feat—the Goldfields Express screeched out of the station, rattled importantly through the yards, and puffed off and away from the bustle and broiling asphalt streets of Perth on the four-hundred-mile run northeast to Coolgardie and Kalgoorlie. It was a slovenly little train—a diminutive English contraption, gone shabby with hard service, filled to the doors with a free-and-easy western company, in khaki and leather, in tweeds, in black coats, in woolen shirts, and broad-brimmed felt hats, a company tanned and hairy and adorned with diamonds and virgin nuggets. Presently, in the light of a great red sunset, it was swaying recklessly through raw, rolling eucalyptus country, which the pioneers were stripping to expose the fertile soil, and on into the dark of a murky night. A thirsty journey, for the relief of which water was provided in the Australian way—long canvas sacks of water, with wooden spigots, suspended on the platforms, dripping from every pore to cool the contents by evaporation. It was hot weather, and by this time incredibly dry; a hot wind, blowing from the central deserts, rioting in at the open windows, came with clouds of gritty dust, which it deposited in inch-deep drifts in the corridors and seedy compartments. In this parching heat and dust, when the

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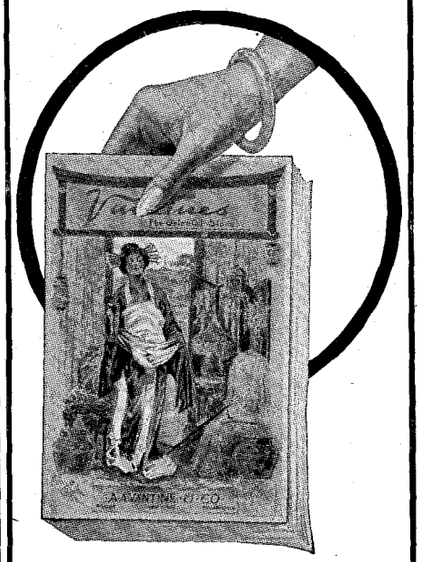

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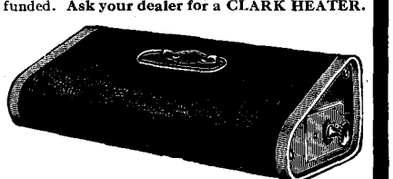

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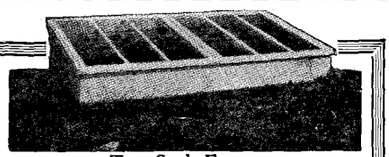

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night had fallen deep, men wandered about in pajamas, women in desperate dishabille, whimpering children in their scanty night-clothes; and in the little dining-car, where they sat late over cards and drink—jammed with prospectors, miners, immigrants, engineers, commercial travelers, and the worn-out women and children of the drylands beyond—the bar was rushed by a clamoring crowd from the coaches in the rear.

"She humps along," an old prospector remarked, in hearty satisfaction with his state's achievement in the matter of long-distance railroad travel. "Not too bad, eh?"

I laughed a little.

"Ah, well," said he, laughing, too; "you're a bit unfair, aren't you? We've altogether different standards. You're thinking of transcontinental limiteds and a hundred million people; and I'm thinking of the early days in a God-forsaken gold country—'way back in 'ninety-two, when Bailey rode into Southern Cross from the desert at Coolgardie, like a madman, with two thousand pounds in nuggets and dust, picked up in two days." And having described the first fever and stampede of those wild times, he went on, seeming to recall it all as a man remembers the amazing incidents of a village fire: "In two hours horses went from a couple of pounds a head to fifty pounds a head. Camels?—you couldn't buy 'em at all. Dogs, cows—anything that could haul; bicycles—anything a man could ride; buggies and butchers' carts—anything on wheels: in a day or two Southern Cross was cleaned out. Before I managed to get away I saw a husky young chap take the Coolgardie train with his outfit packed in his little boy's express cart. I saw a dozen fellows set out with wheelbarrows. I saw an old bloke push off with a baby-carriage. I saw some chaps get away with barrels—a sort of axle through the center, the man between the shafts, the outfit stowed away somehow inside. It was something like one hundred and twenty-five miles from Southern Cross to the old Coolgardie field, I reckon—sand and scrub and stony ground, dry country; and at first nobody knew the water-soaks. We footed every mile of it in the early days with our tongues swollen and our lips black—in a week, two weeks, three weeks. Thirst? My word! And that's why it occurred to me that this little Goldfields Express was humpin' along."

"Of course, now—"

"Oh, now," the prospector interrupted, contemptuously, "all a man has to do is to wake up in Coolgardie."

"And—"

"Water? Why, young fellow," he swore, his eyes twinkling, "they waste it! They bathe in it—a shilling a go at Kalgoorlie!"

We swayed along—bumping, jerking, squeaking, rattling. It seemed the capable and ambitious little train would jump the track in a devoted endeavor to accomplish its distance in the time allotted. These were exhausting hours: the hot wind, the clatter of our progress, the dust, the close contact with all those abandoned others in the same misfortune. Occasionally we stopt at some woebegone wayside place; and these pauses were so ample in the measure of them, and so grateful in opportunity, that the horde of passengers alighted, in whatsoever sort of night attire they affected, if that chanced to be their condition, to take the air on the platform until a hand-bell clanged and the guard shouted, "Seats, if you please, gentlemen!" and a whistle shrilled like a boatswain's pipe, and the locomotive shrieked a last warning to be aboard at once or be left to make the best of that gloom and desolation for the night. It was a task to go the length of the tumultuous little train—to avoid treading on the fevered children, to escape surprizing the women in the relaxation of undress, to keep from being shot from one side of the corridor to the other, and eventually into the corpulency of some pajama-clad gentleman returning from the flowing bar with a bottle of beer in each hand. And thereafter there was a long, black night, spent in a storm of dust and cinders—and then the immensity of the dawn, so red and bold that the window was a lurid square, solid with color, with the whole outdoor world a thick, awesome glow of brightening glory—and then the yellow blaze of the gold fields, waste of green scrub and red earth, and at last the wide, vacant streets of Kalgoorlie, prostrate and blind and ghastly white in the dreadful mid-morning sunlight.

The first rich strike at Coolgardie, so named by the aborigines, was made by a man named Bagley, and then there was a wild rush. A little later Pat Hannan found square miles of wealth in alluvial gold at Kalgoorlie. A nugget of 463 ounces was unearthed; and subsequently the Bobby Dazzler—480 ounces in a lump—enriched a digger at Shark's Gully. Capital came and corporations grabbed most of the promising territory. For a time men spent money as freely and as lavishly as if it were sand of the desert. Nowadays old-fashioned individual diggers have hard scratching to make a living. One of the most interesting parts of Mr. Duncan's article relates his interviews with peculiar characters among the luckless:

It was so very hot in Kalgoorlie—a thin, dry, blazing heat, widely distinguished from the thick oppression of a humid hot wave—that a swift shock of surprize and concern accompanied a first plunge into the white sunlight; nor was a venture from the shady side of the broad street thereafter to be undertaken—at least by any stranger—without a momentary pause of speculation as to the outcome of the foolhardiness of it. It was amazing to discover that the sun could strike so straight and keen and deep, that it could blind and daze a man. Unofficially it was said to be one hundred and sixteen in the shade. It is quite beyond my temerity—this estimate being taken for accurate within a range of six or seven degrees—to compute the sun temperature of that mid-morning. It would storm, they said. Rain? Oh, no! It wouldn't rain! It hadn't really rained—not rained in any quantity to make the gold fields proud—for more than three years. Nobody expected rain. But it would blow a gale—a dust wind; and when the sand had settled the temperature would

(*Continued on page* 964)

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Give your son a watch he will be proud to show.

"Father gave me this; I am very proud of it!"

Your son or daughter will feel this way if the watch you give for Christmas is a Gruen Verithin.

Young people are keener than others in their appreciation of this watch. They like its "style"; its beauty; and its high efficiency as a timekeeper.

GRUEN Verithin Watch

"The Most Admired of Timepieces"

How we obtained the beautiful, yet practical thinness which made the success of this watch so great in the past twelve years, is shown in the illustration below.

This original and mechanically perfect arrangement of wheels is the basic principle of the Gruen Verithin Watch. With it as a foundation, skilled Swiss craftsmen finish and adjust every movement part by hand, after the machines have done their work, thus *building up* the Gruen Verithin as a genuine thin model watch, and combining with its beauty an accuracy that meets the most exacting time-keeping requirements.

Go to the best jeweler in your town and *see* this watch. You will realize then the reason for the pride there is in possessing it. If your jeweler has not the Gruen Verithin, ask him to get you one to see.

Adjusted Models, $25 to $60, guaranteed to perform within railroad time requirements.

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Makers of the famous Gruen Watches since 1876
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Duplicate parts always on hand at Gruen Agencies everywhere, insuring prompt repairs in case of accident.

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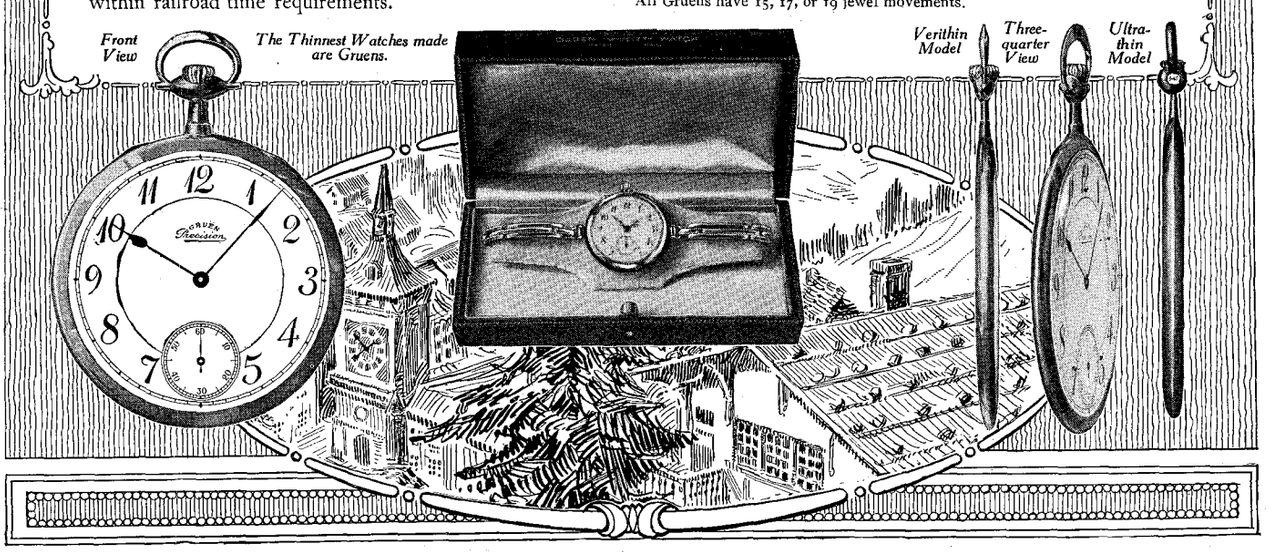
The Gift of Gifts for Daughter, Wife, or Sweetheart

The most attractive, stylish, as well as the most practical and convenient way for a woman to wear a watch. Every woman admires their charming appearance on the arm – every woman longs for one. Have the Gruen jeweler show it to you. Prices: $15 to $100. Caution: Be sure to see the name GRUEN on the dial, as our success has already brought on the market a host of bracelet watches with cheap 7-jewel and cheap cylinder movements. All Gruens have 15, 17, or 19 jewel movements.



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The Magic Carpet of the Arabian Nights

with its power of transporting its owner whithersoe'er he might wish was not a whit more wonderful than are the modern Whittall reproductions of ancient Oriental masterpieces.

¶ They may not be able to transport us bodily from place to place, but just to live with one goes far toward transporting our senses to the Land of Content. The perfect harmony of color and design rests the eye and completely satisfies the instinctive craving for the artistic, while the soft, velvety feel under foot fills us with a delightful sense of luxury.

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is in the quality for the price—a beautiful fabric of rich texture made to resist hard wear and manufactured under the best hygienic conditions from start to finish at a price you can well afford. There is a Whittall Quality for every Rug need.

¶ *"Oriental Art in Whittall Rugs" tells how to discriminate between good and bad rugs—a lesson from which you might profit all your life. Also it tells something of the meaning of Oriental design, making your rugs a source of ever-present interest to you. We shall be very glad to send it to you free.*

"THE MAGIC CARPET"

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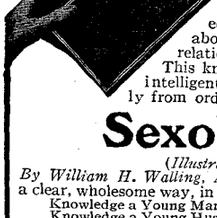

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Depends largely on a knowledge of the whole truth about self and sex and their relation to life and health. This knowledge does not come intelligently of itself, nor correctly from ordinary everyday sources.

Sexology

(*Illustrated*)

By William H. Walling, A.M., M.D., imparts in a clear, wholesome way, in one volume:

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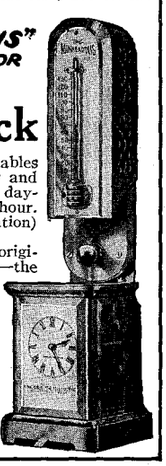
WITH this perfect device you can determine exactly the inside temperature regardless of outdoor conditions or variations—whether 20 below or 40 above. All adjustments are made instantly from the thermostat, which has its place on the wall in living room.

The "MINNEAPOLIS" HEAT REGULATOR WITH 8-Day Clock



The clock attachment enables one to secure automatically and silently a resumption of the day-time temperature at any set hour. Model No. 60 (same as illustration) shows 8-day clock.

The "Minneapolis" is the "original" and "best" heat regulator—the standard for over 30 years.

Used with any heating plant. Sold and installed by heating trade under positive guarantee of satisfaction.

Write for booklet. Shows all models, explains details, and gives prices.

MINNEAPOLIS HEAT REGULATOR CO.
2754 Fourth Ave. S.,
Minneapolis, Minn.

PERSONAL GLIMPSES

(*Continued from page* 962)

surely fall to a point which would at least relieve a timid traveler of the expectation of being roasted in his habiliments before he could escape the country. Beyond town, where the old dry-blowers work, there was no breeze; the flat, red land—desert without end and all stript and scarred and soiled—was almost intolerable. The heat struck down and rebounded with hardly diminished fervor; no breath of wind stirred in the dry world, and there was no gauze of cloud or impalpable contents of the air to mitigate the scorching quality of the light.

By and by I sat down on some old mound of waste earth to rest a little from the toil of wandering these famed acres in that disheartening weather. Near by, at the edge of a deep trench, an old man—an old, old man—was with dull patience shaking his diggings through an antiquated invention for sifting. He was the oldest man I ever saw at labor—a ragged, bent, knee-sprung agglomeration of bones and dried-out muscle and disreputable gray hair; and he was lean and wrinkled beyond belief, and burned a leathery red, tanned, indeed, to the depth of a hide from the vat, as tho through skin and flesh to the marrow of his crazy skeleton. I gave him good-day and begged the favor of permission to watch his work. He would not look at me; but he shifted his glance, uneasy, troubled by shyness as by a stab of physical pain, and was momentarily conscious of a strange presence, I am sure. I should have gone away, disconcerted, ashamed of this intrusion, had I not perceived that the next instant he had forgotten me, that the plain was blank again in so far as he was in any way aware. Presently, with a gesture and angry mutter of disgust, he gave up a futile search of the sieves and sat to rest in a vacant way; and then, all at once, grimly renewing a determination which must in its prime have been of gigantically dynamic proportions, he gathered some siftings in his pan and tossed them up and caught them back. There was no wind: no dust drifted off; and so he must employ his old lungs for bellows, and blow and wheeze and gasp until he fairly panted for breath sufficient to his own need.

As the ghastly operation drew to its close I observed that he was agitated with expectation. His legs trembled, the pan shook in his hands; the old fever of the gold search began to burn again—to stimulate his hope. But nothing came of it—nothing—not a speck to reward the labor of his morning. His interest collapsed. The pan fell at his feet. And he sat down again, and fanned the flies from the grimy sweat of his lean, red face, and disconsolately smoothed his dusty white beard, and sighed—all as tho fortune had dealt him a foul blow.

"I can't rise no color," he muttered.

Conceiving this observation to have been addrest to me, I inquired:

"Why, then, do you dig in this place?"

"I can't rise no color," he repeated.

"Since when," said I, "have you had any luck?"

"Jus'—can't—rise—no—color!"

He was still spasmodically fanning off the ghoulish flies, still occasionally tugging in bewilderment at his old gray beard, still sighing, still staring, disconsolate,

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into the vacancy of his world. I perceived that he had not spoken to me, that his consciousness did not stray beyond the boundaries of his disappointment, that the plain was still blank of any presence save his own.

"And I'm a patient man," he sighed, despairing. "I'm—a—very—patient—man."

Beyond this demented man I fell in with a communicative old fellow who seemed with unexampled and most exemplary courage to have preserved a joyous delight with life through all his years of gold-fields luck and failure. He apologized at once for the unsocial habit of digging alone. His mate (said he)—this in the Australian vernacular being the equivalent of the American "pardner"—with whom he had shared fortunes for twenty-seven years, the fat and lean of them all, had died and been stowed away two years before. He had himself been landed in Melbourne in 1859, to win quick riches and live a gentleman all the rest of his days—fifty-four years ago; and he had been no raw youngster (said he) even in those historic years. "Aged eighty-one, sir, this summer. You wouldn't credit it, would ye, sir, in a old bloke o' my power?" In outward aspect he was not by so much as a blackfellow's wash (which is no wash at all) improved above his wretched neighbor; his state was in every way quite as deplorable, his rags as inadequate, his layer of wet, red dust as deep and as wide-spread and as permanent. But vicissitude had not daunted him; he was still vastly confident of turning the tables on Fate; and he lived well enough, for a hard old digger like him (said he), on his takings and the old-age pension of seven shillings a week. Moreover—if one could believe the sly admission—he knew the secrets of these fields. Ah, there were many, many secrets!—abandoned claims which had fabulously yielded in the early days. This very spot—the very hole he was digging over—had given a fortune to a Frenchman in '98.

"What luck this morning?" I asked

"Ah, well," said he, "I reckon I'll strike a bit o' color this afternoon."

It would be hard luck, I agreed, if the day should fail him.

"Ah, well," said he, "I reckon I'll strike it to-morrow, anyhow. That," said he positively, "I'm sure of."

In the meantime I had in an absent way been whirling some siftings about in the old man's pan—sometimes throwing up the dirt, for sport, and awkwardly recapturing it, and once in a while blowing off the confusing dust. There had in the beginning been no motive in this play; but by this time, curiously, I was possest of a lively wish to discover whether or not some grains of gold would lie disclosed in the heavy residue when I had blown the pan out. I began to toss the dirt in earnest, and to blow with determined intention to see the little adventure through to the end. And observing this genuine absorption, the old man kept watch with me for the color of gold.

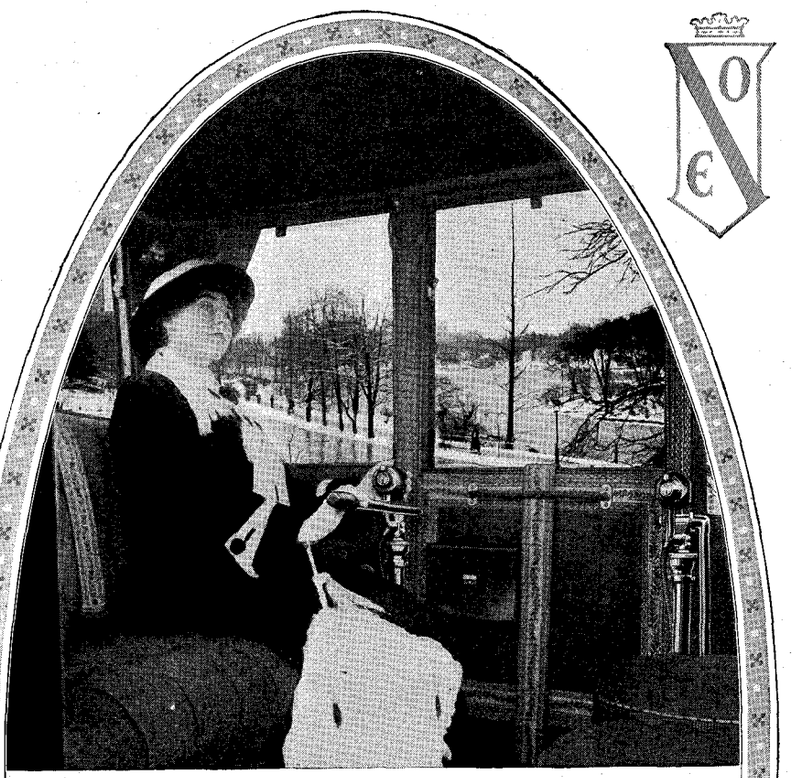
And—

"Ha!" he cried, pouncing with delicate touch upon a pitiful little yellow speck.

And—

"Ha!" I cried, too. "This isn't too bad! I reckon I'll blow another pan!"

Upon this the old man looked me straight



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Principle: Chainless, direct shaft drive without universal joints. Consequently, maximum efficiency per unit of power.

These four features are patented and exclusive to the Ohio Electric. They are only a few of many.

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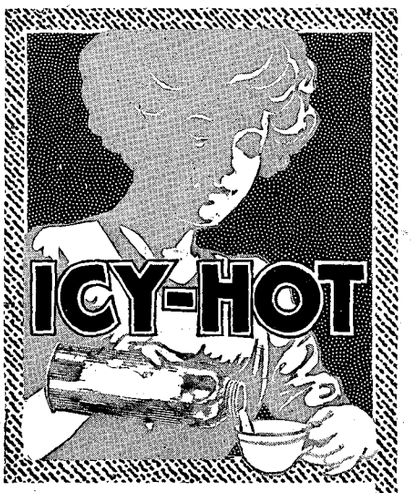

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Hot or cold drinks when needed while traveling, fishing, hunting, motoring, picnicing, etc.

Keep baby's milk at right temperature, or invalid's hot or cold drink by the bed, all night, without heat, ice, or bother of preparation.

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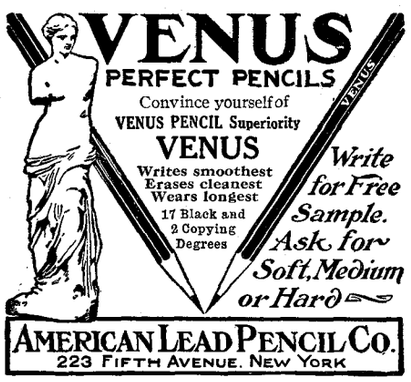

in the eye and chuckled in a way to indicate that the joke was on me. Presently he was laughing so heartily that he held his old sides to ease the spasm. A fancy that he would soon shake himself to pieces, that in another instant he would lie in tatters and fragments before my very eyes, had a more excellent inspiration than many a laughable exaggeration I have encountered in books. I had felt a touch of the fever, he declared, when he could command himself; and this was true enough, to be sure, and excuse enough—attacking me on these depleted old diggings—for any man's laughter. But now, when this hearty explosion of his humor had crackled off in little chuckles and gasps and had at last vanished in grins, and when I had been shown a glass vial which contained a few grains of gold, and when I had hemmed and hawed and doubtfully ventured to propose an exchange of ten shillings for the receptacle and its contents, a frightful change came upon the old man. He began to weep, to pray in the midst of his sobs that God Almighty himself would shower me with blessings for this manifestation of generosity. And I stood astonished, for I had thought him not impoverished beyond the ample satisfaction of his need. This disclosure—the brave and merry demeanor of the old fellow which now in collapse seemed almost to have been a resplendent achievement of character—would shock any man to search his own soul for some quality to equal that splendid independence.

Aged eighty-one—and a prodigal! And it turned out that he had not dug the worth of five shillings in a month!

NON-GADDERS

IN some ways the world moves with considerable speed, particularly in the matter of improved conveniences, but the four McLaughlins, of Columbiana County, Ohio, refuse to budge. Railway-trains might be made wreckless, steamships sinkless, and automobiles as safe as the Mammoth Cave during a windstorm, but neither Jesse, aged 69; John S., 58, nor Belle Hester would use them under any circumstances. Mary Jane McLaughlin, the eldest member of the family, now 73, took a chance once on a railway-train, riding to Pittsburg, a distance of less than a hundred miles. The story of these confirmed "stand-patters" is told in the Cleveland *Plain Dealer*, which says:

Mary Jane holds uncontested claim to the title of family globe-trotter. Jesse ranks next. He has been on horseback across the Pennsylvania State line, a distance of close to twenty-five miles from the old home place nestling among the Ohio hills. John Scott McLaughlin has covered a range of maybe ten miles at times on horseback or by wagon, while Libson, the county seat, five or six miles distant from their home, is the farthest point Belle Hester ever reached.

Away from the noise and dirt and worry of a busy workaday world, the four McLaughlins, two brothers and two sisters,

BAKER'S COCOA

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Of fine quality, made from carefully selected high-grade cocoa beans, skilfully blended, prepared by a perfect mechanical process, without the use of chemicals or dyes. It contains no added potash, possesses a delicious natural flavor, and is of great food value.

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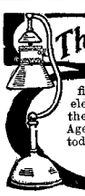

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Author of "The Other Side of the Lantern," Etc., Etc.

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live happily and peacefully on the same little farm where the father and mother as bridegroom and bride set up housekeeping three-fourths of a century ago.

The very logs used by McLaughlin *père* in building a nest for his bride are still treasured by the four "old" children. True, a new house twenty-eight years ago took the place of the little old log cabin as a home; but the logs were not destroyed. Perhaps a sentiment for the old-worm-eaten pieces of wood held back the hand that would otherwise have chopped them into firewood; perhaps a realization that the logs were still good saved them. In any event, the selfsame logs used to build the house in which the four McLaughlin children were born, and in and about which they grew to manhood and womanhood, form the walls of a stable a stone's throw away from the present home.

A farm of fifty-one acres belonging to the McLaughlins surrounds the little house, and here each year crops are harvested to provide for the year's needs.

No flame of ambition to get out into the far-away, strange world and make a place for himself or herself has ever disturbed or unmoored a member of the McLaughlin family. A unity of purpose, a strong affection each for the other, has kept them together, contented and happy. The doings of their neighbors, the comings and goings of those about them, have for these people only the most casual interest.

But while the unrest of ambition has not whispered enticing words luring them away from home and away from one another, their contentment is not a slipshod shiftlessness.

The house itself, cared for by the two old sisters, is as clean as the proverbial pin. Every inch of it is swept and garnished, not for the eyes of visitors, but because the family wishes it so. Visitors are few and far between at the McLaughlin home. Callers are welcomed hospitably when they do come, but this happens seldom; no public road leads by the door.

Surrounded by trees, splendid oaks, under the roots of one of which a clear spring bubbles up, cedar-trees, tall rose-bushes and maple-trees, their leaves turning red and yellow with the autumn frost, the house is hidden from view unless a determined visitor is actually in search of it, and from the public road, a quarter of a mile distant, the whir of passing vehicles is scarcely heard by the occupants of the single home.

"Ride on a railway-train, a street-car, or a steamship, go away from home merely for the sake of going!" The suggestion is an absurd one to the McLaughlins. They do not hedge and pretend they have traveled; a query on the subject arouses no ill temper or indignation, for they simply have not traveled because they did not want to travel, business never called them away from home, their immediate needs were attended to, with a family of four companionship was provided for; the outside world had no allurements to offer when youth was theirs; now that dim eyes, gray and thinning hairs have come, their viewpoint has in no way changed.

"Mother died thirty-one years ago next April; father will have been dead sixteen

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50c per case of 6 glass stoppered bottles

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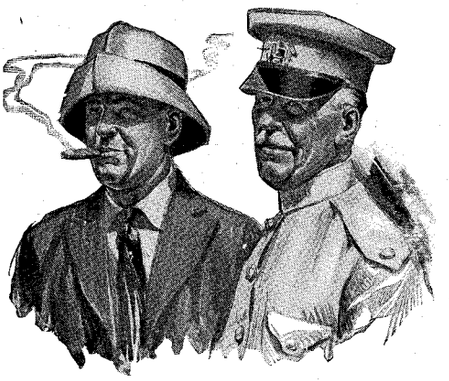
Can you imagine a tribute higher than this; or a more positive confirmation of our belief that the Hupmobile is the best car of its class in the world?

The Briton, the Frenchman, the German, pays $200 to $400 more for his Hupmobile than you do because he recognizes its high quality and its operating economy.

Likewise the Hupmobile buyers of South Africa, Australasia and New Zealand, where the Hupmobile has overcome an anti-American prejudice even stronger than that which exists in the European countries.

And in the Philippines—thousands of miles from home—the Hupmobile is as truly the car of the American family as here, as shown by the domination of its name on the registry lists.

Thus the belief that the Hupmobile is the best car of its class in the world rolls on to practically every section of the globe where automobiles are used.



The keen American in the Philippines—he, too, is loyal to the Hupmobile

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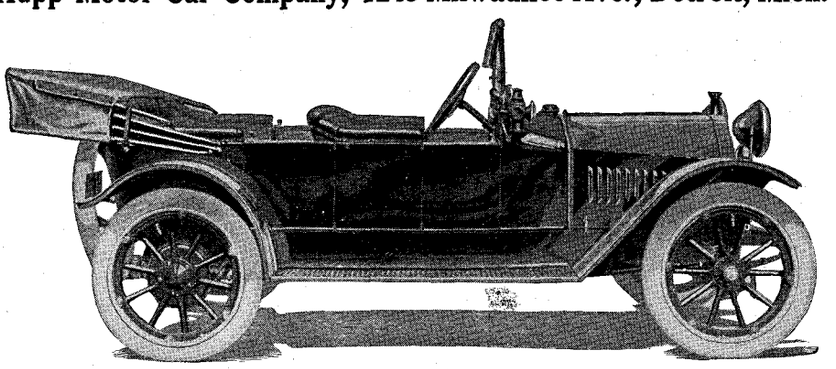

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"32" Touring Car or Two-passenger Roadster with Westinghouse two-unit electric generator and starter; electric lights; oversize tires, 33 x 4 inches; demountable rims, extra rim and tire carrier at rear. $1200 f. o. b. Detroit. *In Canada, $1380 f. o. b. Windsor*

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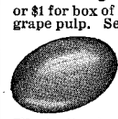

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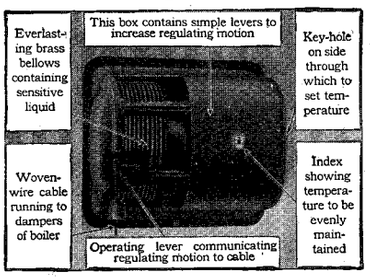

Everlasting brass bellows containing sensitive liquid
This box contains simple levers to increase regulating motion
Key-hole on side through which to set temperature
Woven-wire cable running to dampers of boiler
Index showing temperature to be evenly maintained
Operating lever communicating regulating motion to cable

In your home or other buildings you can avoid fuel wastes, discomforts of chilly rooms from quick weather changes, or overheating due to high winds, by putting your heater draft- and check-dampers under the sure *automatic* control of an

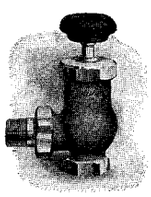
IDEAL SYLPHON REGITHERM

EASILY PUT INTO OLD BUILDINGS

Placed on wall of a living room and set at say 70 degrees, it needs neither watching nor manipulation. The temperature of air in the room acts on the sensitive liquid in the "Sylphon" bellows, in which even a degree of change will cause expansion or contraction; instantly motion is sent to boiler dampers (see picture notes) and the temperature of air in rooms returns to the set degree. The REGITHERM sees to it that the coal you feed to heater is burned to make only the heat needed. There are no batteries, electricity, machinery or diaphragms to watch, renew or wear out. You have uniform warmth day and night, and fuel economies soon repay purchase price.

FOR FACTORIES, ETC.—REGITHERM can be specially adjusted to evenly maintain any set degree (50 degrees to 250 degrees) for cooling, varnishing, gluing, drying processes. (Send for special catalog.)

If you have troubles from an old heating outfit with faulty valves, and fuel-wastes because of no regulation, send for our "New Heating Aids" booklet (free) describing the REGITHERM, Sylphon Damper Regulators and Sylphon Packless Valves, (never leak steam or water around stem; cannot wear out,) Norwall Siphon Air Valves, and other time- and fuel-saving improvements. Why not write us today?



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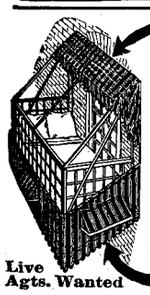

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years in January," Mary Jane explains, telling of the family.

"We have always lived right here. The little log house father built when he and mother were first married stood just beyond the spring under that big black oak-tree. All the children were born there, and we lived in the house until twenty-eight years ago, when we built the present one. The logs of the old house are still in the little stable at the end of the lot.

"Scott is quite deaf; we use a slate and pencil to carry on any conversation with him. The accident that robbed him of his hearing happened seven years ago." He helps with the farming still, cuts wood, and takes care of the small chores, but Jesse is the mainstay of the family. He runs the farm, helps out his income by hunting and trapping and tramps back and forth to Lisbon, carrying marketable commodities and taking care of the family buying. Jesse was four times elected assessor of Lisbon township, three times on the Democratic ticket, once on the Prohibition ticket.

Romance and love have played but a small part in the life-history of the McLaughlins. Neither of the four ever married. Mary Jane, the eldest, early assumed responsibility as her mother's little helper, for other babies followed close on her heels. Duty, not love, was the big word in her life. It has always been so.

Belle Hester and John Scott also have fought shy of entanglements with the opposite sex; in fact, the little love-god apparently forgot their existence.

Once Jesse planned to be married. He was 28, and the girl, a neighbor, only 20. She died a few months before the date set for the wedding. Of other love-affairs there were none.

THE ONLY PERSON EDISON OBEYS

BURDENED with hard physical labor and having to grapple constantly with complex inventive ideas, Thomas A. Edison must be "taken care of" by somebody, and the job of "bossing" the wizard and guarding him against interruptions and the dangers of sickness or fatigue is handled by Mrs. Edison. Much has been written about the personality of the inventor, but that of his wife does not appear frequently in the newspapers and magazines. Izola Forrester, an interviewer for the New York *World Magazine*, recently went to the Edison home in West Orange, N. J., and got a first-hand impression of Mrs. Edison's personality and learned something about her daily life. She writes:

It was almost 4 by the clock on the mantel in the library. Mrs. Edison came down the wide staircase quickly, softly, and into the room, drawing on her gloves. She was drest for outdoors, but not in motoring togs, altho her electric runabout was waiting for her. Her whole costume carried out the tones and hues of the season, the delicate, shadowy grays and deep rose reds.

She is of medium height and rather plump. Her hair is brown and waves back from her face girlishly. Her complexion is clear and pink as if she faced the wind often.

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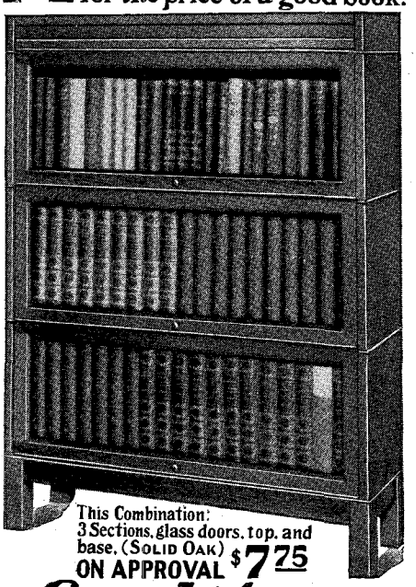

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and she does. Her chin is rounded and she has the most understanding smile in the world. She doesn't have to say a word to make you feel that she knows everything you want to say, and her wide hazel eyes look clear away into your soul.

"How do we take care of Mr. Edison?" she repeats, looking at the clock on the mantel. "Well, first of all, he needs quiet. We all guard him against any noise or confusion or interruptions. When he is home here he needs perfect rest. Sometimes he stays down at the laboratory for twenty hours at a stretch and longer without sleep, but when he does come home he will lie down and fall asleep as easily as a child, and perhaps sleep straight through for twenty hours without waking. So the house must always be quiet for him."

"No, he has no regular habits." She answered this with a little smile and shook her head. "No regular habits at all. No regular time for rising, no regular diet, nothing like that. He has been called a vegetarian, but he eats wild game and beef and lamb—only they must be well cooked. Everything must be thoroughly cooked, he believes. No cereals, salads, or uncooked foods. He believes that boiling or bringing them up to 215° destroys all germs and removes the danger from typhoid.

"Exercise? Not what other people call exercise. You see, he is on his feet down at the works all day. That is enough exercise, he thinks, so he does hardly any walking outdoors, but he loves his garden, and motoring is his favorite recreation. We have our ride together in my car every day. I am just going down for him now. We ride for two hours before dinner, and he looks forward to it, for I never let him forget that he must be ready when I come for him."

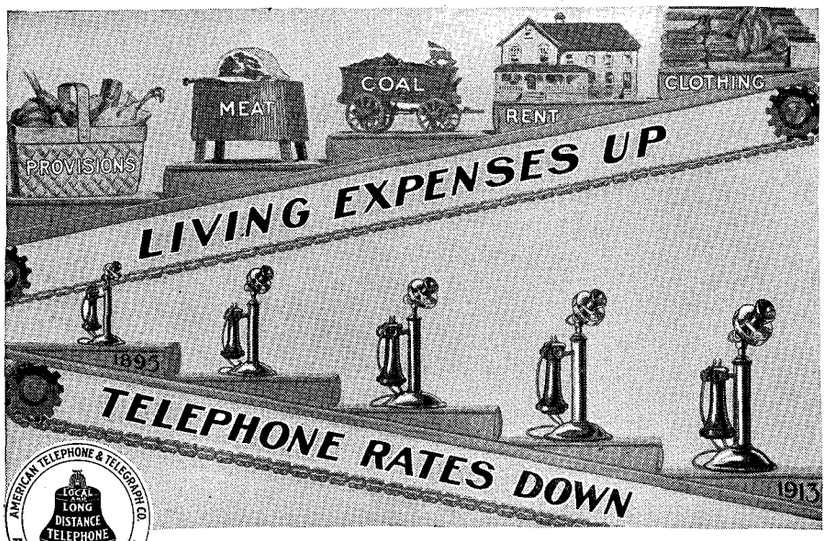
It was 4 by the mantel clock now and we went out to the waiting car. From the distant garden Theodore sent out a hail to "mother." And two figures rose from the stone seat as she came toward them. There was just time for a quick word of pleading from the woman. The old gentleman had some invention. It was all his life-work consummated. He had no funds to carry it on, so he had come to West Orange and followed that winding hill-road up to the house of the great wizard who could make dreams come true.

And the beautiful, calm-eyed woman who takes care of the wizard listened to it all with that little smile of understanding on her lips and told them gently that she would bring it to Mr. Edison's attention, that he had been ill and how careful every one was not to disturb him, but she would promise that he should see it and would let them know.

"There are so many, so many like that," she said, as we spun around the driveway and took the road leading to the ravine. "And sometimes it is their last hope—reaching him. But I always try to see them first for him."

The runabout seemed like a living creature under her touch. There was no jarring, no noise, nothing but swift, exultant speed about this machine that carries Thomas A. Edison out every day for his afternoon spin. On one side rose the craggy gray rocks, overrun with crimson vines. Below were the cool, dim green depths of the glen. It is Mr. Edison's favorite route to his home.

(*Continued on page* 976)



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Consider this significant fact: While most of the necessaries of life have gone up, the price of telephone service, which is one of the essential factors in our commercial and social life, has moved steadily downward.

Although a pound of these necessities still contains but sixteen ounces, the telephone user has been getting more and more service for less money.

On the average, the people of this country pay 49% more today for food, fuel and clothing than they did in 1895. Since then, the decrease in the average rates for telephone service has been more than one-half.

At the same time, the efficiency and value of the service to the subscriber has vastly increased. Today he can talk to an average of five times as many persons in each exchange as he could eighteen years ago.

This is the inevitable result of the comprehensive policy of the Bell System, which brings together the associated Bell companies and the communities they serve.

Through the very size and efficiency of their organization they accomplish improvements and effect economies which give the greatest service at the lowest rates.

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INVESTMENTS AND FINANCE

(*Continued from page* 951)

of varying degrees of soundness; from the bond with property behind it that would fetch face value at a forced sale at any time to mere speculative pledges of a future realization or increment that is little better than a guess. Finally, there is the enormous mass, recorded only locally and beyond any reliable estimate in amount, of bonds that are not, in view of the flimsy or insufficient security behind them, entitled to be called bonds at all.

In days of soberer financing, an industrial concern was capitalized at somewhere near the amount of cash actually put into the business. With the advent of the large corporation, capital stocks began to grow by multiples of five, ten, one hundred. A company could scarcely respect itself if it had less than a million dollars of capital stock; while from five to a hundred millions became not uncommon. Now the market for stock shares is always limited. The supply increased so fast, the underlying values became so attenuated or doubtful, that some additional assurance was needed to bring in the ready money. Here began the deterioration into the significance of the word "bond." Finding that bonds would sell where stocks would not, the promoter substituted the latter for the former. A concern that might reasonably have carried a total capitalization of $500,000 bonded itself for that amount, and issued half a million or a million dollars of stock in addition. Little local manufacturing or commercial corporations bonded themselves for the limit; the bond in these cases, of course, being nothing but a share of stock, and having no sounder value behind it. The old definition of a bond no longer fits.

Formerly, and always in any properly financed undertaking, the limit of a bond issue is the total cash value of tangible property in possession; not its value for the uses to which it is being or is to be put, but its value as an asset for immediate conversion by forced sale at any time into cash. Under this rule the investor might rest secure. The worst that could happen to him would be to have to take over this property, in case of a receivership, wind up the business, and get back his money. About all that he could lose would be the interest on his investment for the unrealized term of the life of his bond. Now it is altogether different. Not only wildcat concerns, which are outside the range of this discussion, but companies of real merit and solvency, conducted by men who would scorn to do an act commonly recognized as dishonorable, do not hesitate to bond their businesses for very much more than could be obtained from either a forced sale or a careful liquidation. Plant is set down at its cost or its estimated value in use, and not its selling price as real estate and second-hand machinery if affairs had to be wound up. And in addition, present or prospective profits or both, and sometimes mere good-will, are capitalized. The security behind the bond has deteriorated. Its value is diminished. Capital takes alarm. Loans must be made at a higher rate and are harder to place. Instead of a man's word being as good as his bond, his bond has become no better than his word. Securities of that name which actually deserve it, by being worthy of their lineage and true to the traditions of their past, must jostle their way to market through a mob of tatterdemalions with scarcely a rag of respectability to cover their poverty and deceit.

Without undue preference for the interest to which most of my active life has been given, I think I may say that the railroad bonds of this country as a rule have remained faithful to their trust. For one thing, it is practically impossible to place an overissue of railway bonds. If a manufacturing or commercial concern liquidates, its property has only current real-estate value unless some successor wishes to carry on the same or a similar business. If an industrial enterprise is wrecked by competition that it can not meet, by a shift in the market for raw materials, by a cessation of demand owing to changed conditions or new inventions, its bonds may fall to a few cents on the dollar; because the intangible values behind them are reduced to nothing, and the tangible can no longer be turned to profitable use. A railroad is differently situated. Its business can not be discontinued. While it may and does suffer from unjust legislative and other assaults that add to its expenses and subtract from its revenues, it enjoys as a compensation security through the courts against actual confiscation. The road and its belongings will always remain there. They can always be operated. They must be operated by somebody. Therefore the security can not altogether vanish; and experience has shown that it will eventually bring, under wise management, some return in the most desperate cases.

So far as the old, established properties, with an unbroken record for payment of interest and dividends, are concerned, there is no security that can compare with them for safety of the principal and certainty of the interest payment. The United States Government itself has been compelled to suspend specie payments; but the best railway systems of the country went through the stress that drove it to the wall without disappointing investors in them of one dollar when it was due or expected. There never was a bond issued through the centuries since the word first came into use which better deserved to bear the title than the first-class railway bonds that are the favorite investment to-day of the great life, fire, and accident insurance companies, of savings banks, of all who make it their first condition that a security shall have full value behind it, pay at maturity, and be readily convertible into cash with the least shrinkage, even in time of public panic and financial demoralization.

Limitations by law on increase of capitalization are of recent origin. The managements of our railways have, for the most part, financed them voluntarily, so far as bond issues at least are concerned, moderately and wisely. The amount of railway capital outstanding in 1911 was, by official report, a little over $19,000,000,000. Of this, $10,738,000,000 was funded debt, $7,825,000,000 of that amount being bonds. There is no present means of estimating the total money value of railroad property. We do know that it represents the greatest property interest in the country next to the land on which we

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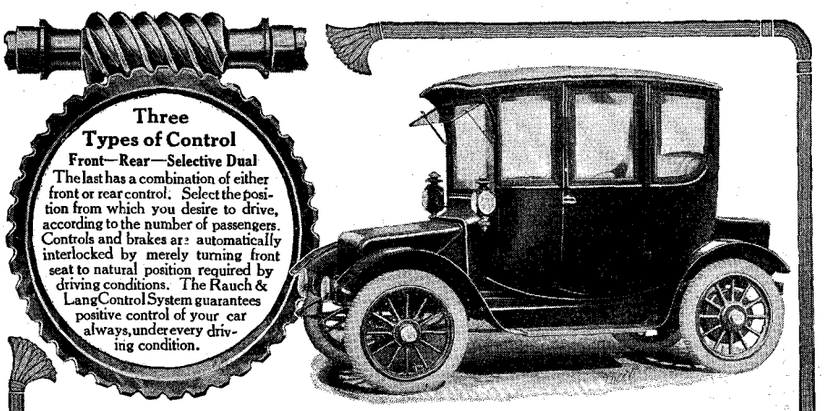
live and its improvements. It is so far in excess of capitalization that the margin of safety is plainly in view. It is so much further from the total of the railway bonded debt that the most careful administrator of a trust never guarded it more completely against possible depreciation.

This survey and analysis should explain whatever may seem mysterious or discouraging in the recent course of the bond market. In spite of the care with which men who understand and respect the limitations of credit attempt to guard and restrict bond issues, the grand total mounts so fast and the security is so progressively impaired that the investor hesitates. Those who are desperate for capital bid higher. The rate of interest rises. So does the risk. And these results, unhappy for the borrower, unhappy for the lender, discouraging and dangerous for the community, will continue until the country reconsiders and amends its ways. The two noticeable features of the general bond situation are the extraordinary conservatism in the increase of the railway bonded debt and the extraordinary recklessness of public authorities and the managements of industrial enterprises, taken as a whole, in forcing out every dollar of bonds that anybody will take, until they must finally be advertised as summer sales and peddled out over the bargain counter.

I need scarcely sum up for you, whose business it is to know them well, the present conditions of the investment world. There is plenty of capital in the country. The extent and productivity of our soil, the enterprise of our business men, the sagacity of capital and the industry of labor are continuing that marvelous accumulation of resources which constitutes the aggregate of the nation's wealth. The rate of interest is low for call loans, except in temporary crises. The man with money is content with a small return if he is sure of getting it back the instant a cloud rises in the sky. The reserves of the New York banks show an ample store. But long-time loans are hard to place at rates from one-third to one-half higher than they were even three or four years ago. "The simple truth," says a recent financial criticism, "is, the country to-day is suffering as perhaps never before, except in times of actual panic, from a loss of confidence. The money market is abundantly supplied with funds, but there is timidity and fear, so that no one is willing to let his funds go out of reach." There could be no completer illustration of the essentials of credit as I stated them at the outset. The investor is not sure to-day of either the ability or the intention of the soliciting borrower to pay at maturity. The country is waterlogged with bonds. Confidence can not be restored until the name "bond" has won back something of its old standard. And that can not happen until issues are limited by moderation, conformed to the value of the security and confined to the margin of safety and the form of credit for which the bond was originally designed.

After all has been said, the main explanation of prevailing conditions in the bond market runs back to the old law of demand and supply. There has been too much spending and borrowing. The individual, the corporation, the municipality is no longer willing to pay as it goes. The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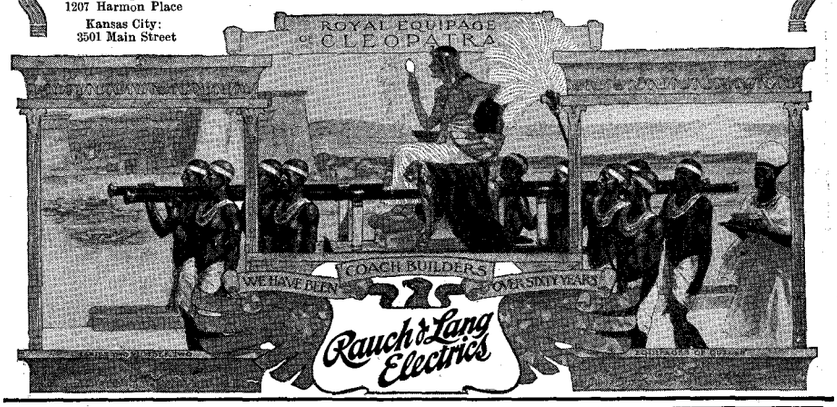

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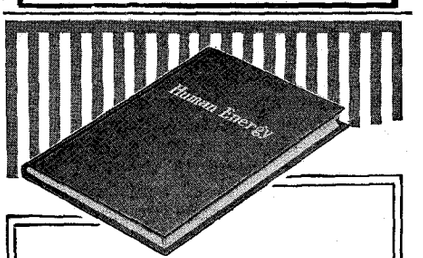

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always equal to or better than their face. Remembering the place that the slow accumulation of wealth has had in the advance of civilization, the growth of intelligence and morals, the amelioration and enlargement of the common lot, your function and your opportunity are not lower or less sacred than those of patriots and statesmen. What are the coming years to show as the reward of your labors—which need be none the less helpful because they need not be wholly unselfish—for the common good?

DECLINE IN BANK AND TRUST COMPANY STOCKS

Along with the year's decline in railway and industrial shares, coincident also with inactivity in the real-estate market, has been a considerable decline in the market prices of bank and trust company stocks. One of the causes is generally believed to be the "Money Trust" investigation of a year ago; another the Currency Bill pending before Congress.

The decline has affected trust companies' stocks somewhat more than the stocks of banks. *The Wall Street Journal* is of opinion that this has been due to "shrinkage in their investments," inasmuch as trust companies are not as restricted as are banks in making investments. While the stocks in both "are exceptionally attractive at the present moment, from the standing of the institutions and the point of view of earnings," investors are not much inclined to patronize this class of securities "until they know just how the banking community is going to fare."

The writer in *The Journal* believes that it is this feeling more than any shrinkage in investment values that has caused the decline in these stocks. He declares that the present bid price is not in keeping with values. As an example, the First National Bank is cited. The bid price for stock of this institution has declined from 1000 last year to 940, altho its surplus account in the same period increased from $21,582,000 to $22,196,200, and the book value of the stock from 316 to 322. So also of the National City Bank, whose stock declined from 440 to 360, while its surplus in the same period increased from $29,540,700 to $31,734,100, and the book value of the stock from 218 to 227.

Not so with the trust companies—at least, not to the same extent. With the decline of the stock of the Bankers' Trust Company from 575 to 468, there was a corresponding decline in its surplus from $16,412,400 to $14,860,500. The same, however, was not true of the Guaranty Trust Company, for, while its stock declined from 635 to 560, its surplus increased from $22,723,900 to $23,672,200. The decline in the market price of this company's stock was coincident with a decline in the book value from 554 to 337. This book-value decline was not due to any shrinkage in the value of its investments, but to the fact that the company in October, 1912, took over the Standard Trust Company, and increased its capital from $5,000,000 to $10,000,000. Following is part of a table compiled by *The Journal*,

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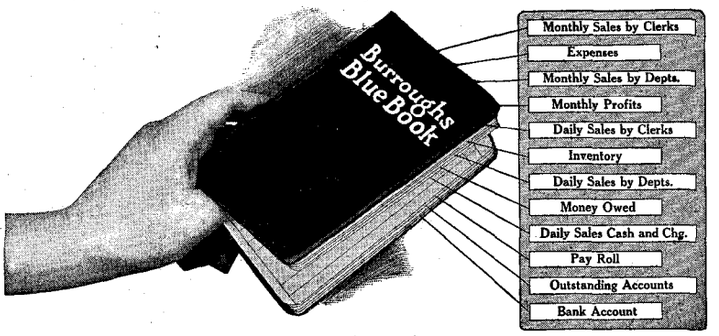

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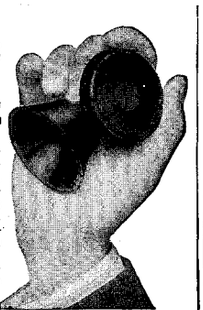

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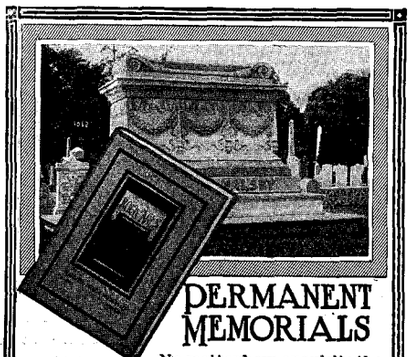

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showing changes in the value of the stocks of banks and trust companies, in their surpluses and in their book values:

BANKS

	*Surplus 1913	*Surplus 1912	Book Val. 1913	Book Val. 1912	Ann. Div.	Bid Price 1913	Bid Price 1912
America	$6,300	$6,260	520	517	28	560	615
Am. Exch.	4,750	4,766	195	195	10	215	240
Chase	10,096	9,359	302	287	20	265	675
Chemical	7,696	7,134	356	338	15	380	445
City	31,734	29,540	227	218	10	360	440
Commerce	17,129	16,157	168	165	8	188	207
Corn Exch.	6,048	5,753	301	292	16	308	326
Fourth Nat'l.	5,885	5,821	218	216	8	170	200
First Nat'l.	22,196	21,582	322	316	50	940	1000
Garfield	1,297	1,270	230	227	12	230	275
Hanover	14,621	13,471	587	549	16	625	700
Imp. & T.	7,841	7,661	623	611	24	495	...
Irving Nat'l.	3,339	3,131	183	178	8	175	206
Liberty	2,787	2,725	379	373	25	615	635
Lincoln	1,790	1,773	279	277	10	330	375
Manhat. Co.	4,993	4,835	344	336	15	315	350
Mkt. & Fult.	1,923	1,871	292	287	12	230	250
Mech. & Met.	8,932	8,640	249	244	12	225	270
Metropolis	2,305	2,182	331	318	16	325	375
Metropolitan	1,833	1,725	192	186	8	180	190
Nat. Nassau	466	485	147	149	8	195	217
Park	24,326	13,313	386	366	16	355	370
Seaboard	2,485	2,226	349	323	12	430	435
Second	2,742	2,469	374	347	12	395	375

* Last three figures omitted.

TRUST COMPANIES

	*Surplus 1913	*Surplus 1912	Book Val. 1913	Book Val. 1912	Ann. Div.	Bid Price 1913	Bid Price 1912
Astor	$1,266	$1,368	201	209	8	350	400
Bankers'	14,860	16,412	249	264	20	468	575
Central	17,902	17,149	697	671	50	990	105
Citizens'	283	300	128	130	6	140	150
Col.-Knick.	7,125	7,192	456	460	20	455	570
Equitable	10,476	10,747	449	458	24	450	540
Farmers' L'n.	5,980	6,570	698	757	50	1125	...
Franklin	1,197	1,281	220	228	12	220	265
Fidelity	1,330	1,303	233	230	8	210	218
Guaranty	23,672	22,723	337	554	32	560	635
Lawyers' Title.	5,614	6,394	240	260	8	165	225
Lincoln	528	557	153	156	..	120	...
Metropolitan	6,156	6,103	408	405	24	...	450
Mut. Alliance	421	480	142	148	6	130	145
New York	11,993	11,713	500	490	32	590	630
Union†	5,347	7,747	278	875	16	355	1290
United States	14,314	14,138	816	807	50	1080	1100
U. S. Mtg. & T.	4,376	4,569	319	328	24	445	485

*Last three figures omitted.
† July, 1913, capital increased from $1,000,000 to $3,000,000.

THE YIELD OF SOME STANDARD RAILS

A list of standard railway stocks (to which are added a few industrials), and their yield at current prices, was printed early in the month by *The Financial World*. Besides including such high-class properties as Great Northern preferred and Pennsylvania, it embraced Southern Railway preferred, Brooklyn Rapid Transit, and Westinghouse. At the market prices then current, several of these stocks now yield more than 6 per cent. and none of them yields less than 5 per cent. Following is the list:

	Close Monday	Sept. High	Div.	Yield at Present Price
Atch.	92¼	97	6	6.50%
Brooklyn Rapid Transit.	86⅜	90½	6	6.95
Am. Tel. & Tel.	121⅛	131⅝	8	6.61
Balt. & Ohio	92⅞	97	6	6.45
C., M. & St. P.	99⅞	108⅞	5	5.00
Northwestern	125⅞	130½	7	5.55
General Electric	139	149	8	5.78
Louisville & Nash.	131	138	7	5.00
G. North. pfd.	122½	129¼	7	5.70
Liggett & M. S. Tob.	210	220	12	5.40
N. Y. Cent.	94¾	98½	5	5.10
Norfolk & West.	102	107	6	5.88
Northern Pacific	106⅜	115⅛	7	6.50
Pennsylvania	109½	114	6	5.45
Southern Pacific	86⅞	95	6	6.90
Southern Rail. pfd.	78	80¼	6	6.40
Westinghouse	64½	73½	4	6.15

RECOVERY FOR THE EXPRESS COMPANIES

Just what the outcome of the enforced reductions in rates and of the parcel-post competition may be to the express companies remains yet to be demonstrated, but some students of existing conditions believe that eventually the companies will be able to right themselves, partly through economies

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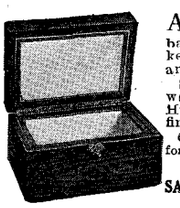

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and scientific management, partly through securing new business, such as a fast-freight department. At present, however, returns show that their business in net has met with a serious decline. The four big companies —Adams, American, United States, and Wells, Fargo—during the last fiscal year earned only 9.68 per cent., as against 13.17 per cent. the year before on the same capitalization.

Each of these companies recently decided to accept, without further protest, the 16 per cent. rate cut proposed by the Interstate Commerce Commission, but *The Wall Street Journal* believes this reduction in its effect on future earnings has been fully discounted by the present prices for express stocks; in fact, it was discounted not long after the investigation of express rates was undertaken by the Commission. Following is an analysis of the course of prices for these stocks as made by *The Journal*:

"Prices of the big express stocks during 1911 up to July had shown certain small declines from the high levels reached in the first quarter of that year on rumors that an examination of express affairs would be undertaken within the year. The declines from July 3 to November 22, when the investigation was actually under way, and subsequent declines are indicated in the following tabulation.:

	July, 1911	Nov 22, 1911	Low 1912	Low *1913
Adams Express.....	240	198	160	122
American Express.....	235	208	160	122
United States....	95	90	62½	48¼
Wells, Fargo.....	172	148	115	90

* Prices for 1913 are to October 25.

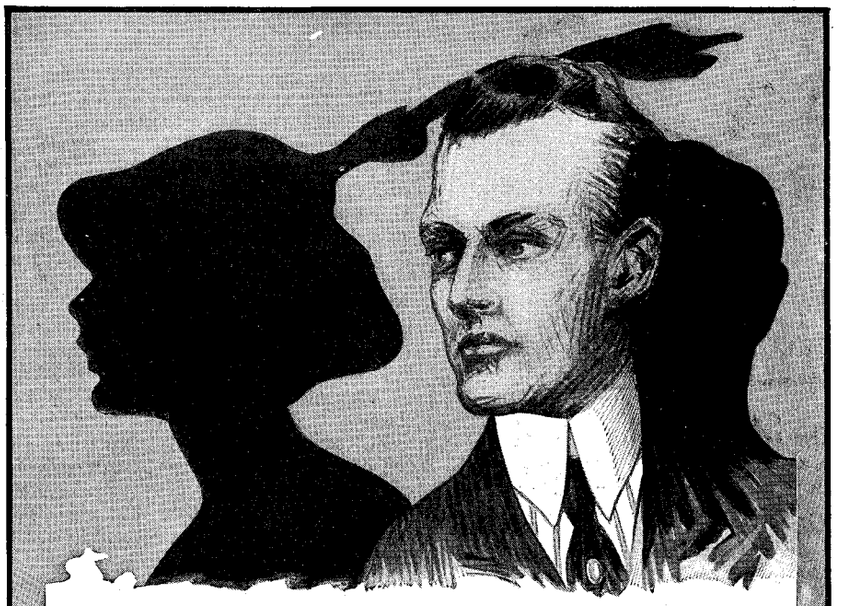
"The proposed reduction of interstate rates was the greatest factor in the progressive shrinkage in market valuation, but an added one in 1912 was the parcel-post service, which, tho it did not commence operations until January 1, 1913, was in prospect in 1912. The parcel post became largely a factor in the price situation because of the effect it promised to have on the reduced margin of profit left by the new rates, which margin was to be sustained chiefly by the lightweight-package business of the express companies.

"On the basis of the above quotations, the four express stocks, since July, 1911, exhibit a shrinkage of over $59,500,000. This heavy shrinkage on a total par value of the four stocks of $63,967,000, is shown in the following tabulation:

	July, 1911	Current Price	Shrinkage (Points)	Total Value
Adams Express.....240		122	118	$14,146,000
American.....235		118	117	21,060,000
United States..... 95		48¼	46¾	4,675,000
Wells, Fargo.....172		90	82	19,652,940

"The above deductions are on a basis of 120,000 shares for Adams Express; 180,000 shares for American; 100,000 for United States, and 239,670 for Wells, Fargo & Co. Adams Express stock, which has no stated par value, has been accorded a nominal value of $100 per share, the same as the other companies."

The writer finds a disposition now extant to look for "a steadying appreciation of express companies' stock prices." This disposition exists "in quarters where the values back of them are known." It is based on the believed ability of the companies to meet new conditions and secure new business. They have already secured better control of their operating costs and a closer hold on business in their respective territories.



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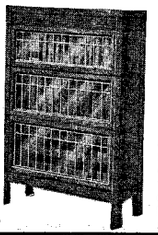

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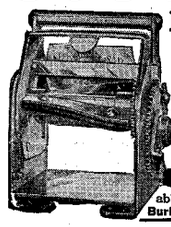

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PERSONAL GLIMPSES

(*Continued from page* 969)

At the park entrance the policeman salutes her, and the little children playing by the road wave to her and caps swing off boys' heads and men's as she passes by. They all know she is going to take "the old man" out for his airing. Nobody out there ever calls him anything but that—just "the old man"—and it is said with a wealth of loving proprietorship. They love Tom Edison out there. Isn't he there with them every day of his life? Doesn't he work harder and longer than any of them? Isn't the very sight of his tall, rugged, restless old figure darting around the big gray buildings an inspiration and a lesson to every man there?

But when that runabout turns in under the ivy-covered archway there is a feeling of relief and approval. For any man in the place will tell you that "the old man" would work himself to death if it wasn't for "the missus."

"He's in the library still, ma'am," says the door-tender as she steps down from the car. She goes in quickly, with that soft footfall and little, knowing, understanding smile.

"I'm a little late, dear," you hear her say. And then he comes out. No, he doesn't. He simply bolts out, for all the world like a boy let out of school. And he needs a shave. He needs a clean collar. He needs brushing and combing and grooming all over, this big, smiling, white-haired, blue-eyed, sixty-six-year-old boy of hers.

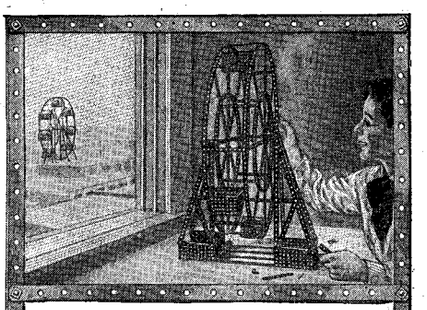
Just as she thinks he is all ready to leave, he darts away from her, out of the door and across the courtyard into another big stone building. But she never loses that calm, happy smile, just waits for him to come back.

The watchman at the door looks after him and the boy sitting down by the big gate looks after him, and they both know that it is to the tender, unfailing watchfulness of "the missus" that the world owes the conservation of Tom Edison's powers. She is the woman at the switch that regulates the current of his life.

THE LIGHTS OF BROADWAY

CITIES, like cats, reveal themselves at night, declares the latest of our English observers. And we are revealed by our electric signs. At least it is these nightly decorations that induce in Mr. Rupert Brooke a most lyrical outflow in *The Westminster Gazette* (London), wherein also he finds no figures so apt in enforcing comparisons as those his school-books provided him from classic and legendary lore. He takes his post on Broadway beneath the panoramic of its antic night lights and sends home to his waiting fellow countrymen this report:

A stranger of another race, loitering here, might cast his eyes up, in a vague wonder what powers, kind or maleficent, controlled or observed this whirlpool. He would find only this unresponsive canopy of black, unpierced even, if the seeker stood near a center of lights, by any star. But while he looks, away up in the sky, out of the gulfs of night, spring two vast fiery tooth-brushes, erect, leaning toward



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each other, and hanging on to the bristles of them a little devil, little but gigantic, who kicks and wriggles and glares. After a few moments the devil, baffled by the firmness of the bristles, stops, hangs still, rolls his eyes, moon-large, and, in a fury of disappointment, goes out, leaving only the night, blacker and a little bewildered, and the unconscious throngs of antlike human beings. Turning with terrified relief from this exhibition of diabolic impotence, the stranger finds a divine hand writing slowly across the opposite quarter of the heavens its igneous message of warning to the nations, "Wear ——— Underwear for Youths and Men-Boys." And close by this message come forth a youth and a man-boy, flaming and immortal, clad in celestial underwear, box a short round, vanish, reappear for another round, and again disappear. Night after night they wage this combat. What gods they are who fight endlessly and indecisively over New York is not for our knowledge; whether it be Thor and Odin, or Zeus and Cronos, or Michael and Lucifer, or Ormuzd and Ahriman, or Good-as-a-means and Good-as-an-end. The ways of our lords were ever riddling and obscure. To the right a celestial bottle, stretching from the horizon to the zenith, appears, is uncorked, and scatters the worlds with the foam of what ambrosial liquor may have been within. Beyond, a Spanish goddess, some minor deity in the Dionysian theogony, dances continually, rapt and mysterious, to the music of the spheres, her head in Cassiopeia and her twinkling feet among the Pleiades. And near her, Orion, archer no longer, releases himself from his strained posture to drive a sidereal golf ball out of sight through the meadows of Paradise; then poses, addresses, and drives again.

O Nineveh, are these thy gods,
Thine also, mighty Nineveh?

Why this theophany, or how the gods have got out to perform their various "stunts" on the *flammantia mœnia mundi*, is not asked by their incurious devotees. Through Broadway the dingily glittering tide spreads itself over the sands of "amusement." Theaters and "movies" are aglare. Cars shriek down the street; the elevated train clangs and curves perilously overhead; newsboys wail the baseball news; wits cry their obscure challenges to one another, "I should worry!" or "She's some daisy!" or "Good-night, nurse!" In houses off the streets around children are being born, lovers are kissing, people are dying. Above, in the midst of those coruscating divinities, sits one older and greater than any. Most colossal of all, it flashes momently out, a woman's head, all flame against the darkness. It is beautiful, passionless, in its simplicity and conventional representation queerly like an archaic Greek or early Egyptian figure. Queen of the night behind, and of the gods around, and of the city below—here, if at all, you think, may one find the answer to the riddle. Her ostensible message, burning in the firmament beside her, is that we should buy pepsin chewing-gum. But there is more, not to be given in words, ineffable. Suddenly, when she has surveyed mankind, she closes her left eye. Three times she winks, and then vanishes. No ordinary winks these, but portentous,

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terrifyingly steady, obliterating a great tract of the sky. Hour by hour she does this, night by night, year by year. That enigmatic obscuration of light, that answer that is no answer, is, perhaps, the first thing in this world that a child born near here will see, and the last that a dying man will have to take for a message to the curious dead. She is immortal. Men have worshiped her as Isis and as Ashtaroth, as Venus, as Cybele, mother of the gods, and as Mary. There is a statue of her by the steps of the British Museum. Here, above the fantastic civilization she observes, she has no name. She is older than the sky-scrapers among which she sits; and one, certainly, of her eyelids is a trifle weary. And the only answer to our cries, the only comment upon our cities, is that divine stare, the wink, once, twice, thrice. And then darkness.

WHEN THE MILITANTS BEGAN

IT has been just ten years since that troublesome organization known as the Woman's Social and Political Union was founded. During its first decade the organization has given England much comedy, some tragedy, considerable heroism, and a great deal of flamboyancy. The doings of its leaders have been headlined in large type in the American newspapers about once a week, and oftener in the British press. The career of militancy is raised to the dignity of history by Israel Zangwill, the distinguished London author, who champions "The Militant Woman" in *The Metropolitan Magazine*. The early part of the story begins:

Most of the pioneers of the W. S. P. U. were Manchester workingwomen—one, Annie Kenney, a mill-hand who, as a half-timer of ten, had had a finger torn off by the machinery—and the new gospel was preached at the "wakes," or local Lancashire fairs. Militancy, even metaphorical, was unthought of. The first sparks of that were—strangely enough—struck out at the Free Trade Hall by the flintiness of one of the oldest supporters of woman suffrage—Sir Edward Grey. Prophesying in October, 1905, the overthrow of the Conservatives at the coming general election, he yet refused to say what would be the attitude of a Liberal Government to "Votes for Women." The question had even (by request) been put into peaceful writing, and signed "Annie Kenney, Member of the Oldham Committee of the Card and Blowing-Room Operatives." The humble mill-hand rose as the monster meeting was closing and insisted on a reply. Here again a great pioneering deed was done, destined to find imitations and reverberations innumerable. Sir Edward Grey was silent, but it was Annie Kenney who stood upon a peak in Darien.

Those who know the temper of a political meeting at a passionate crisis will appreciate the almost superhuman courage needed for a girl to get up and traverse it. The vast gathering of Liberals, hoarse from cheering the doctrines of liberty and equality, howled at the frail little figure, and stewards precipitated themselves upon

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her. It was at this moment that Christabel Pankhurst leapt into history. She sprang up, threw one arm round her friend, and warded off the hysterical males with the other. They scratched and tore at her hands till, as her sister Sylvia records, "the blood ran down on Annie's hat, which lay on the seat, and stained it red."

Expelled from the meeting, the two girls tried to form one of their own outside. Charged with "obstruction and assaulting the police," and refusing to pay a fine, they were thrown into jail, drest in serge and fed on skilly. In that prison the real W. S. P. U. was born. The same Free Trade Hall that had howled down the questioners was packed to fête the ex-prisoners. Thus is persecution ever the pillar of the Church.

Annie Kenney, abandoning her clogs, except for ceremonial occasions, set out to rouse London—with two pounds in her pocket. Little Mrs. Drummond, the wife of an impecunious upholsterer, a cheery, humorous Scotch body, plump of person and prodigious of voice—the Madame Sans Gêne of the movement, destined also to become its field-marshal—joined her with a borrowed typewriter. The Pankhursts, too, migrated to the capital. And one wonderful day they found the propertied Pethick Lawrences, the able barrister and his brilliant and beautiful wife, self-consecrated from girlhood to social service, and oddly bearing the same Christian name as Mrs. Pankhurst. The new Emmeline became the honorary treasurer, and from that moment the fledging Union was feathered and winged and taloned.

Among the more noteworthy of the early recruits were Theresa Billington, a young school-teacher with brains and looks; Mrs. Despard, the septuagenarian sister of General French, not inferior to him in dash and brio, and Mrs. Baines, who had been a Salvation Army captain and was now the wife of a journeyman bootmaker. Gradually, figures like Mrs. Ayrton, the scientist; Miss Ethel Smythe, the composer; Miss Beatrice Harraden, the novelist, began to appear on the same platform with Lady Constance Lytton, the Countess Russell, and Mrs. Walker, the eloquent Poplar laundress. And, gradually, it began to be understood that a suffragette was not necessarily an elderly spectacled female: the type even changed in *Punch* to a pretty girl. But the notion that the suffragette is a neurotic spinister is inexpungeable. It has even survived the discovery that some of the fiercest of the militants are married men—unique exemplars of the fabulous chivalry of man.

In 1870 Mrs. Pankhurst's husband had drafted a measure which, under the name of the Women's Disabilities Removal Bill, was introduced into Parliament by John Bright's brother and passed its second reading by a majority of thirty-three. It is a pity the long-due reform was not carried in this negative shape, for the cry of "Votes for Women" accentuates the opposition of sex rather than the common citizenship, and whereas the motive power of the suffrage movement had been woman's consciousness of her own dignity, it is becoming more and more her consciousness of man's indignity. Man has failed to run things decently. There must be "joint housekeeping." Woman must help man to set the house in order. "I, for one," cried Mrs. Pankhurst, "looking round on the sweated and decrepit members of my sex,

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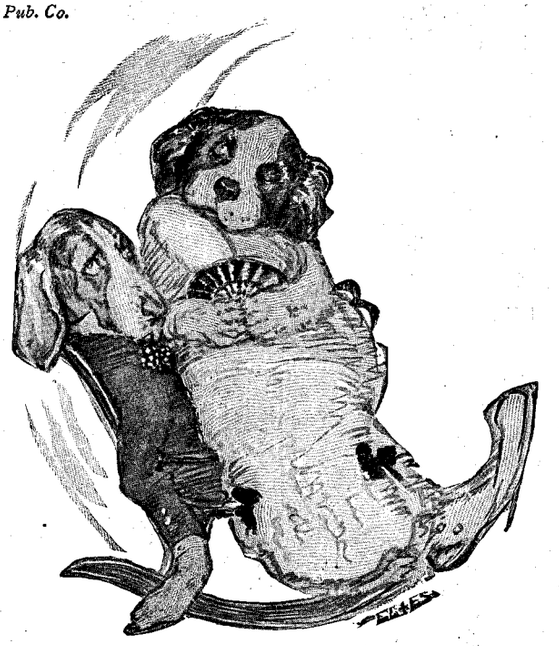

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say that men have had control of these things long enough." In particular, the "social evil" has entered into the suffragette consciousness, the veil of our compromise with polygamy has been lifted, and the sins of the male, assuredly great enough to be safe from exaggeration, have been magnified by taking the abnormal for the average. Woman's place in our matrimonial system was represented much as the West represents her place in the oriental scheme, or as Mark Twain's Yankee described the Court of King Arthur, with all the facts and little of the truth. If a minute minority forthwith demanded equal immorality with man, its organ, *The Freewoman*, was not destined to exemplify the survival of the unfittest, and by the vast majority the vote is regarded as the great instrument of social purification.

The example of suffrage countries is cited to show, says Mr. Zangwill, that many laws for the protection of women have been enacted. To conclude:

Annie Kenney's deed of derring-do came like a trumpet-call to the millennium. "Here at last is action!" cried Mrs. Pethick Lawrence, and a thousand devotees rushed into it. Heckling became a fine art, and even a joyous; for, despite all the suffering it cost them, they carried it through with such inexhaustible spirit and invention as to restore a touch of chic and bravado to our drab life and add to the gaiety of nations. Miss Pankhurst even managed to badger Cabinet Ministers in the witness-box. Why interjection was invariably answered by ejection, why legitimate petitions were punished with sentences reserved for the most atrocious crimes, is what no woman understands. But if denunciations of arson leave the suffragette cold, it is because the vocabulary of vituperation had been exhausted over a phase which now looms to us as sedate as an Impressionist picture in a Futurist exhibition. Parliament actually passed a bill to protect public meetings from her—a measure which, like every other hatched against her, has been a still-born monstrosity. There was no meeting, however guarded, to which, by hook or crook, organ-pipe or drain-pipe, she did not gain admission, padlocking herself against easy expulsion, while, even were her bodily presence averted, always, like the horns of Elfland faintly blowing, came from some well-placed megaphone that inevitable and implacable slogan which, chalked on pavements or scrawled on walls or blazoned on sky-signs, became a universal and ubiquitous obsession. Steamers carried it under the terrace of Parliament or balloons suspended it from above. Cabinet Ministers were dogged to their privatest haunts, for the leakages of information were everywhere. Since Christianity no such force had arisen to divide families. No household, however Philistine, was safe from a jailbird. If Lady Anon asked Lady Alamode when her daughter was coming out, it no longer referred to the young lady's début. The most obstinate autocrat since Pharaoh, Mr. Asquith, has been shown similar signs and wonders. "We are the appointed plagues," said Mrs. Pankhurst, with a rare touch of humor. And nothing has plagued British society

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more than that outbreak of religion which brought disgrace upon so many respectable homes. Incidentally, the prisons and the courts were improved by receiving critics instead of criminals. "We do not care for ourselves," cried Christabel Pankhurst at the London police court, "because prison is nothing to us. But the injustice done here to thousands of helpless creatures is too terrible to contemplate." Warders and wardresses, too, profited by the society of their new prisoners. It was like a rise in the social scale to them. Nor was even the Bench immune from education.

"Boyle!" called the magistrate. "*Miss* Boyle," corrected the prisoner. "We always call our prisoners by their surnames," explained the magistrate. "We are here to teach you better manners," said the suffragette.

Simultaneously with these constitutional tactics there had gone a political militancy, equally constitutional. "The Liberal Government refuses the vote—turn the Liberals out," was the simple formula, and so at every by-election the W. S. P. U. worked against the Government candidate. He might be an old and tried suffragist. The Conservative candidate might be an old and scurrilous anti-suffragist. No matter. The laws of the Medes and Pankhursts do not change.

JUNGLE BEASTS AT LARGE IN LEIPSIC

THERE came from Leipsic the other day a lively circus story that was neither written nor inspired by a press-agent. Eight lions and a tiger got loose, several thousand people were scared almost to heart failure, and the police fired three hundred shots at the beasts, giving a fairly good suggestion of the rumpus that shook the great German city when, a century ago, the Austrians, Russians, Prussians, and Swedes thrashed and gave chase to the proud army of Napoleon. This summary of important results merely serves to start the story off. The details are furnished by the Reuter news service to the London papers on October 20:

The illuminations arranged in honor of the ceremonies on the previous day had been repeated, so that the streets were crowded with people. A number of animals belonging to Barnum's Circus, which had given performances during the evening, were being taken in vans to the railway station, and owing to the fog the driver of an electric tram-car did not observe the procession passing across the end of the street down which he was running. The consequence was he collided with one of the vans, which contained eight trained lions and one tiger.

The van was turned over and broken open by the impact, and all the animals bounded out of it in terror. As may be imagined, the panic among the crowd in the streets was awful, people rushing off in all directions, imagining the lions were after them.

The police were at once alarmed, and

This man is doing his Xmas shopping!

He *used* to dread it—put it off until at least December 22d. Then he cane-rushed into the hurrying masses of Christmas shoppers, tramped for weary hours, at last in desperation picked up the things nearest at hand—

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every available man was ordered out with his revolver.

The lions were in reality as frightened as the people, and endeavored to escape from their pursuers, especially when the police opened fire on them.

The wife of a circus director complicated the situation by throwing herself between the police and the lions, imploring that the valuable beasts might be spared. She had to be moved out of the way by force. In the meantime three lions had fled for safety into the neighboring Hotel Bluecher, where an indescribable panic ensued among the guests and waiters.

One lion was enticed into the lavatory, where he was promptly shut up, a second beast reached the attic, where the door was also shut upon him, and a third reached the fourth floor, and lay in terror outside one of the hotel bedrooms amd scratched at the door. The occupant of the room, a Frenchman, was already in bed, but he promptly got up and opened the door, only to find himself face to face with the terrifying king of beasts. He rushed aside, and the lion sprang through the window into the street, falling on a cab horse, just underneath. He bit and tore this poor, helpless animal, the cab-driver meanwhile flogging him desperately with his whip.

Ultimately the lion was shot by the police. By this time another lion had reached the railway, where he was shot with a revolver-bullet, while standing undecided which way to turn.

Altogether five lions were shot by the police, and the two imprisoned in the hotel were with great difficulty got into cages by attendants from the Zoological Gardens and the circus, but not until 7 o'clock this morning. The scene in the streets at midnight was awful. The lions roared, the fleeing crowds shrieked, revolvers were fired incessantly, and people in their nightclothes appeared at windows of houses and joined in the universal clamor.

The loss to the proprietors of the circus is estimated at between $25,000 and $30,000. Several horses were badly bitten.

Gervangeline's Progress.—Mrs. Briggs was no exception to the general rule. She believed implicitly in the heaven-sent genius of her offspring—and there were five of them.

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At the end of the first term the proud mother called on the great man, in order to give him an opportunity of holding forth on Gervangeline's genius. Said she:

"Now, professor, how long will it be before my daughter is a really great pianist?"

Herr Poppanfizzel thought for a few minutes. At last:

"Dot is a ding imbossible to dell," said he.

"How's that?" said Mrs. Briggs, in a mother-fighting-for-her-young sort of voice. "I'm sure she has the necessary qualifications, hasn't she now?"

"Vell, matam," said the professor, "she haf two hands!"—*New York Mail.*

Cramped.—"What's the matter with this elevator?" asked the nervous man. "You keep trying to run it through the roof."

"You'll have to excuse me," replied the operator. "I'm not used to one of these little twenty-story buildings."—*Washington Star.*

Real Head Work.—"I say, Reginald, I've forgotten my card-case."

"Nevah mind, deah boy. I'll lend you some of mine."

"But—ah—the names would be different, doncherknow."

"So they would; what a head you have got, Algy!"—*London Opinion.*

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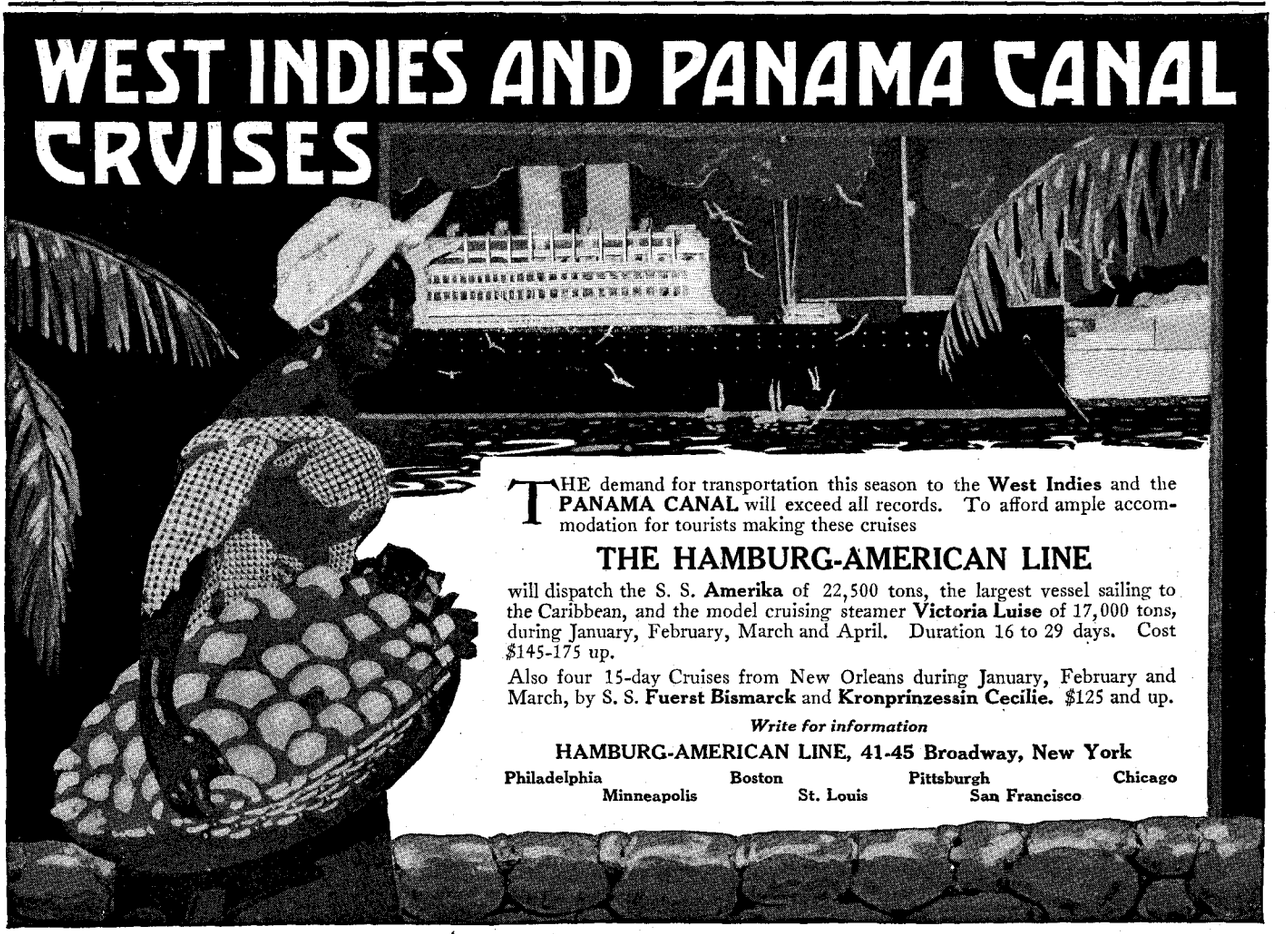
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Not at All.—1ST GRAD—"My wife's gone to the West Indies."
2ND G.—"Jamaica?"
1ST G.—"No—she wanted to go."—*The Orange Peel.*

The First Step.—MISS YOUNG—"In selecting a husband, what would you consider first?"
MISS ELDERLEIGH—"A proposal."—*Boston Transcript.*

The Logical Finish.—DAYTON—"I know the tango and the turkey-trot, but what's the St. Vitus?"
DOYLE—"It's the one you do with a trained nurse."—*Judge.*

Should Reverse It.—Suffragists are refusing to have the Encyclopedia Americana in their libraries, for under the subject "Eve" it merely says, "See Adam."—*New York Evening Post.*

Nothing.—HE—"Do you know much about golf?"
SHE—"Absolutely nothing. I wouldn't even know how to hold my caddy properly."—*Boston Transcript.*

An Awful One.—"You say her love affairs have progressed from abstract to concrete?"
"Yes; she jilted a title-guaranty man to take on a builder."—*Judge.*

His Class.—FIRST LOAFER—"Hullo, Bill! Got a new overcoat, I see. What did it cost yer?"
SECOND DITTO—"Six mont's. I never wears cheap duds."—*Boston Transcript.*

Another Lie Nailed.—"So you brand as a lie your opponent's statement that you have your price?" asked the interviewer.
"Yes," explained Senator Buncombe. "Payment was held up."—*Buffalo Express.*

Incredulous.—WIFE—"John, I must have a new hat and gown!"
HUSBAND—"That's good!"
WIFE—"And gloves, shoes, silk stockings, opera-cloak!"
HUSBAND—"That's good!"
WIFE—"Wake up, you wretch! You're dreaming you're in a poker game!"—*Puck.*

Hitting Two Birds.—"So my former henchman refuses to obey me!" exclaimed the boss. "Bring me my trusty whitewash brush!"
"Surely you are not going to give him the benefit of it!"
"No. I'll let the whitewash splash my way while I use the reverse end as a club."—*Washington Star.*

Provident Pa.—MR. RURAL HAMLET (to ministerial agent)—"Do have some more of the corn, Dr. Eighthly; it came out of our own garden."
LITTLE BUTTIN HAMLET—"Yes, 'n' the chicken came outer our own garden, too. Pa said he bet the folks next door would keep their hens at home after he caught a few more of 'em."—*Judge.*

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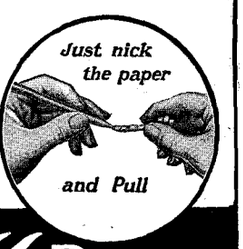

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CURRENT EVENTS

Foreign

October 30.—A bill authorizing Prince Regent Ludwig to proclaim himself king in place of the insane King Otto is passed by the lower house of the Bavarian Diet.

Companies representing a capital of more than $1,000,000,000 form a committee in London for the purpose of inducing the British Government to alter its decision not to participate in the Panama-Pacific Exposition.

October 31.—Joseph E. Willard, the first United States Ambassador to Spain, is received by King Alfonso in Madrid.

November 1.—Prince Ernst August of Cumberland, heir of the Guelphs and son-in-law of the Kaiser, takes over the government of Brunswick as reigning Duke without explicitly renouncing his claims to Hanover.

November 3.—Price Collier, the American author and traveler, dies in Denmark.

The Conservatives, under the Premiership of Sir Edward Morris, are returned to power by the elections in Newfoundland.

November 4.—President Yuan Shi-kai expels 300 members of Parliament who have been opposing his policies. Martial law is declared in Peking.

Forty-seven passengers are killed in a collision between two trains at Melun, 30 miles from Paris.

Six thousand business men of Ulster pledge themselves not to pay taxes under a home-rule Irish Parliament.

November 5.—Prince Regent Luitpold of Bavaria proclaims himself King Ludwig III.

Domestic

WASHINGTON

October 30.—By a unanimous vote the National Association of Railway Commissioners adopt a substitute for the "States' rights" resolution on Federal jurisdiction over interstate commerce.

Postmaster-General Burleson decides to standardize the postal service with a view to greater efficiency.

October 31.—The Senate Banking and Currency Committee amends the Owen-Glass Currency Bill by reducing the number of regional institutions to four.

November 5.—The Navy Department orders the assembling of a fleet at Vera Cruz, Mexico.

GENERAL

October 30.—The employees of the street-railway and interurban traction companies in Indianapolis go on strike.

November 3.—The Garden Club of Minneapolis announces that $59,870.55 was earned from vacant-lot gardens in that city last summer.

November 4.—John Purroy Mitchel, Fusionist, is elected Mayor of New York City over Edward E. McCall by a majority of 121,209. Charles Edward Russell, Socialist candidate, polls 32,109 votes, twice as many as the Socialist candidate received four years ago. William Sulzer, deposed Governor, is elected to the New York Assembly, and a majority of the Assemblymen who voted to impeach him are defeated.

Joseph C. Armstrong, Republican, is elected Mayor of Pittsburg over Stephen G. Porter, Progressive.—F. S. Spiegel, Republican, defeats Henry T. Hunt, Democratic incumbent for Mayor of Cincinnati.—The Republicans elect Carl H. Keller Mayor of Toledo.—Mayor Newton D. Baker, radical Democrat, is re-elected Mayor of Cleveland, defeating Harry L. Davis, Republican.—Joseph E. Bell, Democrat, is elected Mayor of Indianapolis, Dr. W. H. Johnson, Progressive, running second. The Democrats win in 31 other Indiana cities, and the Republicans elect four mayors.—The Republicans are victorious in a campaign for minor offices in Philadelphia, defeating the Fusion forces led by Mayor Blankenburg.—John H. Buschmeyer, Democrat, is elected Mayor of Louisville, the Progressive candidate running second.—Dr. George R. Lunn, Socialist Mayor of Schenectady, N. Y., is defeated for reelection by Teller Schoolcraft, Fusionist.—Louis Will, Progressive, wins the Mayoralty of Rochester, and Louis P. Fuhrman, Democrat, is reelected Mayor of Buffalo.—Mayor Karb, of Columbus, Ohio, is reelected by the Democrats.—David I. Walsh, Democrat, is elected Governor of Massachusetts, Charles S. Bird, Progressive, running second.

James F. Fielder, Democrat, wins the Governorship in New Jersey, ex-Governor Edward C. Stokes running second.—Henry C. Stuart, Democrat, is elected Governor of Virginia without opposition.

The Democrats gain control of the Maryland Legislature and elect Blair Lee United States Senator.

THE LEXICOGRAPHER'S EASY CHAIR

In this column, to decide questions concerning the correct use of words, the Funk & Wagnalls New Standard Dictionary is consulted as arbiter.

Readers will please bear in mind that no notice will be taken of anonymous communications.

"P. S.," Courtenay, N. Dak.—"(1) Kindly tell me which of the following expressions is correct and your grammatical reason for the usage of either: 'I wish that you *will* kindly do this for me,' or 'I wish that you *would* kindly do this for me.' (2) Is the following expression correct? 'We are liable to have a storm.' Is it not better to say, 'It is very likely that we will have a storm,' or 'We are apt to have a storm'?"

(1) A verb of "wishing" requires that the verb in the subordinate clause (expressing what is wished for) should be in the subjunctive mode. That is why one should say, "I *wish* that you *would do* this," not "I wish that you *will do* this." *Would do* is to be parsed as the subjunctive mode of the verb *do* (tho any other name might do for the mode if it is understood what the verb-form signifies, and why it is used). It would be still better, in this case, if one recognized *would* as the verb, meaning "were willing" or "would consent," in the past tense, subjunctive mode, and *do* as another verb in the infinitive form dependent on the verb *would*.

(2) One may say, "We are *likely* to have a storm," or "It is very *likely* that we *shall* have a storm." *Apt* would not fit the passage well, and *liable* is still further from suitable.

"E. A. F.," New York, N. Y.—"Can the word 'woods' be used correctly with the singular verb as well as the plural, as distinguishing one cluster? Are the following sentences grammatically correct? 'The shooting in this woods is good'; 'The woods is full of game'; 'This woods is the largest of all the woods.'"

The word *wood* in the singular means a large and thick collection of trees; a grove of trees. When used in the plural, even when referring to a single collection of trees, it should have plural words associated with it; as, "The shooting in *these* woods is good"; "The woods *are* full of game"; "*These* woods *are* the largest of all the forests (or groves)."

"M. L. S.," Randolph, N. Y.—"Is the masculine for *Frances* ever correctly spelled the same as the feminine?"

Francis is the only correct form for the masculine noun.

"C. S. W.," Bijou Hills, S. Dak.—"(1) How would you write the sentence, 'I was coming from the *place of Mr. Thomas*,' in the possessive case, when the singular ends in *s*?" (2) Why is 'an' used in the phrase 'an historical fact' when grammarians say that the article 'a' is used before consonants and the article 'an' before vowels or vowel sounds?"

(1) "From Mr. Thomas's place." (2) Formerly, initial *h* was not pronounced in a great many of the words *spelled* with *h;* that is, the words were pronounced *'istory, 'istorical, 'ospital, 'onor, 'our; honor* and *hour* are still pronounced without *h: an* honor, *an* hour. Nowadays, nearly all *h*'s are pronounced, and so these words now begin with a consonant, and we say *a* history, *a* hospital. But when the accent does not come on the *h*-syllable, some people still use *an* before the word; as, *an* historical, *an* historian. The retention of *an* here is somewhat favored by the fact that the *h*, standing in an unstressed syllable, is itself very light. But the NEW STANDARD DICTIONARY recognizes only the pronunciation of *h* as a genuine consonant, and would therefore authorize only *a*, not *an*, before such words.

"J. K.," Tiffin, Ohio.—"Which of the following is correct? 'Each of you must get *his* lesson' or 'Each of you must get *your* lesson.'"

The correct form is *his*, not *your*. "Each (of *us, you, them*) must get *his* lesson."

"N. K.," Miles, Iowa.—"When two pronunciations are given, is the first preferable?"

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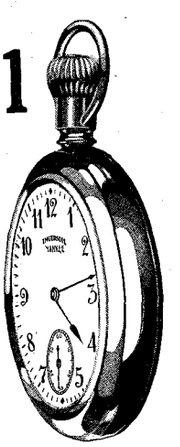

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